THE ARYAN PATH

Point out the "Way"—however dimly, and lost among the host—as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness.

—*The Voice of the Silence*

VOL. XXIII SEPTEMBER 1952 No. 9

"THUS HAVE I HEARD"—

121

"More devastating than the flood of Noah shall be the flood already raging on."

Thus writes Mikhaïl Naimy, the Syrian mystic, friend and biographer of the famous Kahlil Gibran. His book, *The Book of Mirdad: A Lighthouse and a Haven*, was published in 1948; we had heard about it and now are so fortunate as to possess our own copy—thanks to the author, our esteemed friend. It is printed in Lebanon by the Sadar-Rihani Printing Company of Beirut. The Publisher's Foreword tells the story of this "most unusual book," for such it certainly is. It contains instruction on a variety of subjects. The sayings and the aphorisms are striking and many of them will be treasured by every mystic and every student-practitioner of the spiritual way. Age-old but forgotten truths are here presented in attractive form. Their simplicity is remarkable; yet they carry profound and sublime ideas. As is our wont, we will let the reader judge by quoting a few of the lofty sayings.

What will be the reaction of social butterflies, braggarts and egotists to this saying?

One of the ancient rules for companions was to avoid, so much as possible, the use of the word I in their speech.

And of the sensuous scientist and artist to these?

To pierce the veils you need an eye other than that shaded with lash, lid and brow.

To break the seals you need a lip other than the familiar piece of flesh below your nose.

And there is practical wisdom in this:—

When you observe the clouds riding the South Wind northward, you say they bring rain. Why are you not as wise in measuring the drift of human clouds? Can you see how fast have men become entangled in their nets?

In this age who does not wish for the painless life of freedom ! But how many will accept this prescription to secure peace ?

So think as if your every thought were to be etched in fire upon the sky for all and everything to see. For so, in truth, it is.

So speak as if the world entire were but a single ear intent on hearing what you say. And so, in truth, it is.

So do as if your every deed were to recoil upon your heads. And so, in truth, it does.

So live as if your God Himself had need of you, His life to live. And so, in truth, He does.

To practise these rules in life one should be a true altruist after the pattern of these verses :—

I say to you, your very flesh and bone are not the bone and flesh of you alone. Innumerable are the hands that dip with you in the same fleshpots of earth and sky whence come your bone and flesh and whither they return.

Nor is the light in your eyes the light of you alone. It is as well the light of all that share the sun with you.

Nor is the house the house of you alone. It is as well the dwelling of your guest, and of the fly, the mouse, the cat and all the creatures that share the house with you.

Beware, therefore, of fences. You but fence in deception and fence out the Truth. And when you turn about to see yourselves within the fence, you find you are face to face with death which is deception by another name.

And the All-Self, the whole, should be the object of our love :—

And whom, or what, is one to love ? Is one to choose a certain leaf upon the Tree of Life and pour upon it all one's heart ? What of the branch that bears the leaf ? What of the stem that holds the branch ? What of the bark that shields the stem ? What of the roots that feed the bark, the stem, the branches and the leaves ? What of the soil embosoming the roots ? What of the sun, and sea, and air that fertilize the soil ?

And how shall this be done ?

When you are able to equip your blood with one Master-Desire that silences and overshadows all desires ; and trust one Master-Thought with the discipline ; and charge one Master-Will with drilling and commanding then certain you may be of that desire's fulfillment.

We have to acquire the art of true silence and of true worship. How ?

This silence I command unto you and not a mere respite for your speech-worn tongues.

Whoever cannot find a temple in his heart, the same can never find his heart in any temple.

SHRAVAKA

MASKS AND FACES

[To convey a lesson with a skill that disarmingly masks purpose is a high achievement of narrative art. The English novelist, **Mr. Claude Houghton,** is a master of this skill, combining deep insight into psychological problems with the art that smuggles the arresting thought past the reader's mental defences. The verdict of his characters here, upon what modern men regard as normal living, recalls the *bon mot* of Montesquieu: "By opening so freely their lunatic asylums to their supposed madmen, men only seek to assure each other that they are not themselves mad."—ED.]

I'm going to tell you how I came to this place. A man told me that he wrote an account of what happened to him before he found himself here—and that it made a difference. So I'll do the same—and see what happens.

....It's a strange place. There's no doubt whatever about that. For the first few weeks, I thought I must have died and turned up in the next world. I like it here. I don't want to go—back.

This place was once a famous country house, which had belonged to the same family for generations. A fine drive with monumental gates: a superb terraced garden: a broad walk with rising meadows beyond. There are several wings to the house. I can tell you about only one—and not much about that.

Extraordinary people here! Most exhilarating! Such a *change*. No small talk! And everything is orderly. It's amazing. And, at night, there's sylvan silence—made musical by the sound of distant waves.

The efficiency of the staff is unbelievable. Not the efficiency you find in a first-class hotel. Quite different! *Everything* is so different that I can't even remember what my name was before I came here. I don't want to remember it. And I don't want to go—back.

There's this, too, and it's important. Since coming here, I haven't any personal affairs. Don't even handle my own money. Never draw a cheque! No visitors—no letters. It's heavenly.

Now, before I tell you about the event which caused me to come to this place, I must give you an idea of the kind of people who are here.

There's an immense lounge on the ground floor—one side of which is practically all windows, with a rapturous view over the terraced garden to the rising meadows beyond. Well, one morning, I noticed a most remarkable-looking man. Never seen such a lit face. There he was, standing by the window, in his own unique world. (Everyone here is in his own unique world—and knows it.) I went to him and asked the time.

He looked at his watch, then said: "It's a quarter past Eternity."

See what I mean? No small talk!

* * *

I've always been a solitary person. I can't speak to anyone unless I'm sure there's affinity between us. So it was pretty near hell for me in the army. But, after I was taken prisoner, it wasn't so bad in a prison camp. All it really involved, for me, was a total withdrawal into the mysterious —unique—inner world that all of us possess, but which most of us deny because it terrifies us.

Of course, we had to work in the prison camp, and most of us worked in a near-by mine. That scared me at first, but I got used to it.

Now, I'm going to tell you something rather odd. (You'll see why later.)

There was a prisoner in this camp who interested me. We'd never spoken. He was rather like me, but that's not why I was interested in him. Not then. It was his eyes. A man with those eyes must have had experiences unknown to the average man. He was in a different part of the camp. Sometimes I saw him on our way to or from the pit-shaft.

Then the event happened which altered the whole of my life—and brought me here.

It was a raw foggy morning. None of us spoke as we walked to the pit-shaft. I felt strange in a way difficult to define. D'you ever get the feeling that things aren't going on as they are ? I felt rather like that.

When we got to the bottom of the shaft, we found the Chief Inspector with several of his subordinates. Every few weeks they " broke up " the working gangs. And that's what they did now. They weren't going to let men get too intimate with each other—or they might plan an escape. (They made us change huts every few weeks for the same reason.) So we were sorted into different groups. I found myself in a group with the man who interested me.

From the bottom of the shaft we had some way to go to reach the coal-face. It seemed to me, on this particular morning, that there was a new smell in the damp air, but no one mentioned it. We groped along, bent double, till we reached the place where we had to work.

I suppose it was about two hours later when I heard a distant sound like an explosion. Then there was a rending roar. I was flung off my feet. Everything round me collapsed.

I must have been stunned, because it was some time before I became aware of surroundings.

I was in a kind of cave—lit by a miner's lamp. A pick was leaning against a protruding rock. There wasn't a sound. Near me was the man with the remarkable eyes—the man who had interested me.

I stared at him. " What happened ? "

" There was an explosion. We're walled in. "

" Will they find us ? "

" Possibly. If they trouble to try, but they may not. Plenty of other prisoners. "

He wasn't afraid! He wasn't pretending not to be afraid. He just *wasn't*.

Then he said:

"Have a cigarette."

"It's stupid to smoke, isn't it? The air won't last, if they don't come soon."

"Yes, it's stupid, but let's have one."

"All right."

We lit cigarettes. Then I looked round the "cave," part of which was luridly lit—part in deep shadow. Then I looked at my companion.

I was going to die here, with this man to whom I'd just spoken for the first time. I could not believe it. There are situations in which nothing is so astounding as a fact.

He stood motionless, with eyes closed, and I realized with a shock how closely he resembled me. With his eyes shut, he might have been my twin brother.

At last, I said: "I can't hear anything."

"We'll see what happens."

Again, a long silence.

I hadn't a guess what he was thinking about. How could I have? And he couldn't have a guess what I was thinking about.

Eventually, he said: "I tell you what. We're probably in for it. So let's tell each other everything about ourselves. All the things we've never told anyone. Know what I mean?"

"I know."

"A kind of secular confession."

"Who'll start?"

"Let's toss for it. You call. If you're wrong, you go first. That all right?"

"That's all right."

He spun a coin. I lost.

"You go first," he said.

Then he added: "Biggest illusion is to believe one is an isolated self-contained being. Someone said: All things think through me—and I through them. We're linked with everyone—and everything—alive. You are everyone: and everyone is you."

Then I began to tell him things I'd told no one. I said nothing about the external facts of my life—nothing about my parents, my education, where I'd been, or the jobs I'd done. I told him everything about my secret interior life—that endless drama, played on a private stage, to an empty house.

I revealed all the antagonistic aspects of myself. I explained how, suddenly, one aspect would strive for supreme ascendancy over my whole being and how—once ascendancy was achieved—my will became paralyzed, and only the monstrous had reality.

I told him my fantasies about women, and my actual relations with them—which were parodies of those fantasies.

I revealed the world of my loneliness—wanderings in tentacular streets—the congealed silence of countless rooms—revealed all the physical loneliness which reflects spiritual isolation.

I repeated the ceaseless arguments that go on, day and night, in my mind. Arguments—probings—speculations—which are an amalgam of my own thoughts and the thoughts I have found in books. I told him about books which had transfixed me like a sword.

And I told him how, endlessly, the different aspects of myself returned. My Rapturous Self, which has glimpsed the Promised Land: My Despairing Self, which is convinced that life is meaningless suffering: My Ambitious Self, which craves success as an addict craves drugs: My Perverted Self, with its host of images: My Resigned Self, which haunts the wings like a ghost and stares at the spectacle on the stage: My Masked Self, which goes daily to a job, and presents what others expect to see: My Child Self, which gazes with wonder at the world. And many other Selves—endlessly returning like steps on a treadmill.

To others, I had shown only masks: to this stranger in the "cave," I showed my faces.

I gave him my spiritual autobiography. Revealed all my aspirations, perplexities, temptations: all my victories, defeats, regrets, imaginings: all the miser-hoards of memory. Each Self has its own miser-hoard. I revealed my sense of Guilt, which lies heavier than a tombstone on the heart: I revealed the Rebellion which incites: the Hatred which brands: Lust which consumes: Beauty that bewilders: Wonder that wakes: Peace that spreads benediction. I revealed my inner conflict with principalities and powers—inevitable to one for whom the invisible world exists.

I imagine that what I said was punctuated by silences. Often, during my long soliloquy, I forgot his presence. When I finished, I felt as hollow as a ghost.

He didn't say anything. I'm certain nothing I'd said had surprised him. He merely repeated: "You are everyone: and everyone is you."

Then he gave me a cigarette.

So there we stood, in that grotesquely lit "cave," smoking.

I felt immense impatience for him to begin *his* confession. I felt that, until he had revealed himself to me as wholly as I had revealed myself to him, I was infinitely his inferior. And, for some very obscure reason, his resemblance to me became progressively disturbing.

He finished his cigarette, turned to me, and was about to begin his confession—when I heard a faint sound.

"Listen!"

Then I heard another sound.

I seized the pick—hammered on the wall with it.

Then I distinctly heard three distant raps.

I struck the wall again—three times.

A few minutes later, we heard the sound of a drill.

Before very long, rescuers reached us.

We were separated. The next day, I heard he had been moved to another camp.

A few months later, the war ended.

I never saw him again.

Eventually, I returned to England —found a rather squalid room in a mean street—and got a job.

This involved movement, action. I'd returned to a world from which war had exiled me for over four years. So I had adjustments to make—complicated adjustments at many levels. Above all, I had to present my Public Face to the world. I had to appear—normal.

One night, I woke at about two o'clock, and I can't tell you the horror I felt that, somewhere, was a man—about whom I knew nothing —who knew everything about me. Absolute *horror*. He knew *everything* about me! He might have told others. They might recognize me in the street. But it was terrifying if only *he* knew. Now, there was a spectator at the drama endlessly played on what had once been a private stage.

Can you understand my terror? Don't you know that everything becomes different directly it ceases to be a secret—directly it is *shared*? Remember, I'd hidden nothing from him. Nothing! It was hell to know that he knew! Naked hell!

Then, one of his sentences began to repeat itself in my mind with the monotony of a metronome.

"You are everyone: and everyone is you....You are everyone; and everyone is you....And everyone is you."

My nights became waking nightmares. And, don't forget, every day I had to go to a job. I tell you, it became impossible—simply impossible!

Then something happened—something which still makes me tremble.

I was in the tube at midday, going somewhere or other. The only other person in the long carriage was a man opposite me. A florid-faced person with a paunch and a floral tie. The kind of man you usually see only on Bank Holidays. He was studying the racing edition of a midday paper with blear-eyed immobility.

I watched him. He was not only opposite me physically—he was my opposite in every way. It was impossible to imagine any link between us.

Suddenly, I noticed a change in his expression. It was almost imperceptible, but it became more marked. *Slowly, his features turned into mine!* I felt I was gazing into a mirror!

Directly the train stopped, I stumbled out, then stood on the platform. I don't know how long I stayed there. Train after train appeared, then rattled into obscurity.

Eventually, I went to my room.

Later, lying awake in the darkness, that sentence again revolved in my mind: "You are everyone: and everyone is you."

Nevertheless, the next morning, I went to my job, almost convinced

that what had happened in the tube had been a dream. I must have dozed for a moment and dreamed the whole thing.

When I reached the office, I was told that the managing director wanted to see me. That was unusual —but far more remarkable was his geniality. He gave me a letter, addressed to me, from a firm of lawyers —Clayton and Hilder.

"I know what's in that," he said, "because Clayton telephoned yesterday to ask if you were still working here. An uncle of yours—quite a hermit, I gathered—has left you a considerable sum of money. I tried to tell you this yesterday, but no one knew where you were."

"I'm sorry. I was taken queer in the tube."

"Too bad! Well, you won't have to go on working if you don't want to."

He made me sit down and gave me a cigarette. Everything in his manner implied that he regarded me as a recruit to his world. But, as I studied his confident features, his emphatic movements—as I listened to the resonant incisive voice—noted the instinctive assurance which enclosed him like armour—I knew that I could never enter his world. We were not two men, we were two worlds—light-years apart.

Then—*it* happened again.

His features became mine!

I got up unsteadily—leaned against the table, then heard his voice—coming from an immense distance: "Knocked you out a bit, this good news....Better go for a stroll....Or, better still, have a couple of doubles."

Somehow, I got out of the room and into the street.

Then, *it* happened every day—more and more often! Directly I looked at a man, he became me. I had to give up my job. I was afraid to go out, but I *had* to go out for meals. Every man's face became mine. And every woman's face became mine, subtly changed, but *mine*. Then, one afternoon, in the park, a *child's* face became mine. And I couldn't stand that! No, by the living God, I couldn't stand that!

Then, strange things happened. I found I was no longer in my squalid room in the mean street. I was in a very different room. There was a nurse there, for some reason. Can't think why. And Mr. Clayton, the lawyer, often came to see me. He didn't understand what I said to him. That seemed very queer, because he's a clever man. Then there was a Mr. Fortesque, of Harley Street. He came quite often. Eventually, I signed some paper or other. At least, I think so.

Then, on a marvellous May morning, a car appeared and I was driven to this strange place, which was once a country house. How well I remember driving past the monumental gates—and my first view of the terraced garden and the broad walk and the meadows beyond! *And* the extraordinary people! Amazing, really. And no personal affairs of

any kind. Didn't even have to draw cheques. It was heavenly!

...I wrote all this in the lounge here. Wrote it in no time. When I paused to light a cigarette, the man who had told me that the time was "A quarter past Eternity" came over and asked if I were a poet. I said that, most unfortunately, I was not a poet.

He said he was. He told me one of his poems. This is it:—

All the blinds of the universe are drawn.
God is dead.
(No prayers, by request).

You see what I mean? No small talk!

...I've only one more thing to tell you. It's this: All the people I've spoken to here have only one fear. They're afraid that a day will come when they'll have to go back. They're all afraid of that, especially the poet—who has a face from another world.

"Go back!" he exclaimed. "Go—*back*? Back to chaos—back to pitiless streets! Back to the Babel of meaningless words! Back to the mentally inert; the emotionally dead! Back to the perpetual barrage of hate, fear, envy! Go—back? Back to lying newspapers—poisoned news! Back to the lovers of death! Back to Beauty's sepulchre—from which the stone will never be rolled! Back to the dictatorship of the machines—to the demented yells of those who claim to control the monstrous machines! Go—*back*? Join the universal suicide-pact! Have one's whole being obliterated by the demoniac din of their damned jets! Read horror—hear horror—dream horror—live horror! Back to crucifying isolation! Go—*back*? Rot slowly from the roots! I must stay here, I tell you! I must! I *must*! I'm afraid to go back!"

...And I, too, am afraid....

CLAUDE HOUGHTON

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT NO CURE

Some time back the Lord Chief Justice of England recommended flogging as a method of dealing with crimes of violence, despite the fact that the Departmental Committee appointed by Lord Simon in 1937 to go into all the available evidence about flogging came to the conclusion (as reported by "Critic," the writer of the weekly "London Diary" in *The New Statesman and Nation* of July 12) that "it could find no evidence of any sort from Britain or European countries that flogging worked as a deterrent." This is corroborated by the Secretary of the Howard League for Penal Reform, in a communication to the Editor of the weekly, published in the same issue. Quoting a "statement of the Lord Chancellor, made on 10th June," he says that *floggable crimes* of violence, which he rightly differentiates from crimes of violence as a whole, had decreased from 842 cases in 1947, that is, before the abolition of corporal punishment, to 633 in 1951. The correspondent, therefore, truly observes:—

At best, flogging would be an unconstructive method of dealing with offenders. It is no substitute for character-training—a task which may be long and arduous. It would merely be an easy way out—for the criminal as well as for us.

Indeed, what is required is character-training, not corporal punishment, brotherhood, not the baton.

G. M.

A GANDHIAN ELITE

MARX—PARETO—GANDHIJI

[**Shri M. A. Venkata Rao** compares the contributions of Marx, Pareto and Gandhiji towards human betterment. The essay shows the superiority of Gandhiji's method and stresses the use of his technique of life and labour to build New India. Both New Delhi and Sevagram will benefit from a consideration of this reminder and, let us hope, hasten to give birth to the "Elite"—ED.]

This is an age of the meeting of extremes; a remarkable era of the verification of the Hegelian idea of the dialectic of history, the union of opposites. The most explosive of the clashes of opposites challenging the wisdom of man to synthesize fruitfully is that of the extremes of democracy and aristocracy. If Karl Marx's *Das Kapital* and the impetus which its author gave to the Labour Movement in the middle of the last century drove social and political forces in the direction of extreme democracy in the forms of Communism and Anarchism, these same social forces brought to the fore the necessity for an aristocratic leadership as an advance guard of the proletariat.

There was need for forward-looking minds fired with the vision of a new dawn of liberation for the submerged of all nations, to think out and make the blue prints of the new order, to mobilize forces in its support and to organize groups of leaders who would be ready to assume power at opportune moments. The course of the Russian Revolution showed an aristocracy of revolutionary talent to be necessary, not only for making the revolution but for piloting it to success through the dull processes of day-to-day administration, and also for defending it against reaction, national and international.

The need brings forth the man—not only in the realm of action and history but also in the field of theory. The counterpart of economic democracy pressing for recognition in the present epoch found its theorist in Wilfredo Pareto, an Italian economist prominent in the early decades of the century. He lectured at Lausanne for a time and it is said that Mussolini, the dictator of Italy, had sat in his classes in his early days. Pareto was a scientific economist familiar with mathematical technique. He elaborated a massive socio-economic thesis in which he developed the conception of an *élite* in conscious antagonism to the extremes of Marxism and Bolshevism. He showed remarkable psychological insight by tracing the warping influence of emotion, sentiment and prejudice upon the operation of thought; and he held that the masses had always been governed by groups of people who wielded

power by a clever use of the popular myths current in their time and that these ruling groups were reinforced in each succeeding generation from many spheres, particularly from the economic one.

The rise to sovereignty of the Communist Party in Russia, maintaining itself by spreading ruthless terror, seemed to justify Pareto's contentions. If the Marxian idea of the "classless state" is an extreme, Pareto's conception of the *élite* (inevitably arising in all societies even out of the very ashes of revolution) forms the complementary half-truth supplementing Marxism.

It is noteworthy that both of these European theories give scant attention to the moral factor. Marxism assumes that *all* means are justified by its end: Communism. And Pareto does not assign any value to the rôle of ethics as a factor to justify or stabilize the rule of the *élite*. He sees the social process as always witnessing a circulation of the *élite*, fast or slow, the pace quickening in times of revolutionary crisis.

It is in comparison with these ideologies that Indian thinkers see the decided superiority of the Gandhian insight and idea. The practice of Mahatma Gandhi in piloting the Indian Liberation Movement affords glimpses into the real rôle of a leading class, in revolution as well as in normalcy, which rôle is free from the amoral implications of both Marx and Pareto. The Gandhian *élite* mobilizes and leads the sleeping forces of humanity into a new equilibrium, combining dynamism with stability. The Gandhian technique will be found on close examination to be as scientific as that of Marx or Pareto, with the added value of the ethical factor. Perhaps it will afford the key to the discovery of a moral equivalent for civil war, if not for international war. Perhaps also it is as well to note that the reach and vitality of the Gandhian idea was not exhausted in the actual practice and example of its originator. Gandhi was only the first *avatar* or exemplar; new incarnations of the idea in its later developments are needed.

What then are the chief characteristics of the *élite* in the Gandhian system and exposition and how are they superior to those in vogue at the present time? And what chances are there of India producing a true Gandhian *élite* to carry the Indian freedom movement to its full expression in national life and culture, society and polity?

The key to the Gandhian contribution in this matter will perhaps appear if we study the rôle of the *ashrama* in his methods. The Mahatma worked in *ashramas* or retreats, in which he gathered like-minded persons around him. He stood aloof from the day-to-day routine of politics and economics; he saw the procession of life from a side-window. But the external isolation was only a symbol of his inner concentration on essentials. This example of *sanyas* captured the

imagination of the country; here was a leader who lived not for himself but for the people. He had abandoned his personal family-life and had taken upon himself the cares of the nation and all its families. This picture of a dedicated life, with its clear and decisive break with personal ambition, stirred the Indian people to the depths. The example elicited similar sacrificial devotion on the part of others and these formed the nucleus of the Gandhian *élite*.

This is not the whole story; we find similar examples of devotion in European movements, nationalist and socialist. But the distinction of the Gandhian conception lay in its *taking morality seriously*. Gandhi insisted on an open conspiracy and would have no truck with underground and underhand methods or treachery. This cleared the air and won him the trust of friends and foes alike. In fact some thoughtful Britons recognized him as the greatest policeman of the British Empire. All this puts the Gandhian technique in a class by itself.

The amoral methods of Soviet Russia threaten to transform the great Russian Revolution from a liberator of man into his vilest oppressor. But a Gandhian *élite* should know before coming into power the means for remaining uncorrupted by it. This is where many followers of Gandhi now in power have failed to live up to the spirit of the master's teaching. According to the demand of the *ashrama* ideal the spirit of a dedicated life should be continued in the piloting of the revolution. The new rulers should be *ashrama* members in spirit, content with plain living, working without salaries, accepting only the barest necessities and conveniences by way of food, shelter and transportation. If this had been realized in practice the Government of Free India would not have had to suffer loss of prestige.

The Gandhian *élite* would be divided broadly into two groups, one concerning itself with the conduct of Government and the other with social, economic, educational and cultural reconstruction. All would be *ashrama* members in spirit, living on the barest minimum and dedicated to the nation to the uttermost, ready for the uttermost sacrifice at any moment. To the Indian people, such leaders would appear as *karma-yogis*, verifying the insight of their ancient Sages and embodying the promise of a resurrection into the fullness of true national culture.

Intellectually, the Gandhian *élite* would be worlds apart from the Marxian. The Marxian revolutionary advance-guard starts with the dogma of Marxism; Marxism is to be accepted as gospel truth and as revealed doctrine, not to be departed from or even intelligently interpreted. The right of interpreting it belongs exclusively to a governing committee. "Deviationists" will be "liquidated." The contrast between this and Gandhism could not be greater, for in Gandhism the

bond is not dogma, whether on the course of history, the rôle of class, the function of property, the future of the family or the nature of government. In Gandhism, the unifying tie is devotion to truth; truth, non-violence and fellowship freely accepted are the cement of the Gandhian *élite*. The horizon of the mind is not narrowed by preconceived limitations.

No doubt, in political and social matters, truth is elusive and has many aspects requiring exploration along different lines. The *ashrama* is the laboratory where scientific social idealists may explore in fellowship the next step in advance. Already available knowledge can be ransacked and appropriate measures assembled into blue prints ready for translation into practice. The process is one of a free play of minds on facts, guided by a single-minded devotion to social advance, or *sarvodaya*. Differences of opinion are reconciled through exchange of thought and experience and through the extension of thought to cover new facts and new experience. Differences are not put down by force and exclusion. Violence is ruled out even in the pursuit of truth, for no violence is to be offered to ideas or feelings, facts or their proponents.

Trained in this way, the members of the Gandhian *élite* become the precursors of an *open society*; even as the dogmatic and violent methods of the Marxist training render Communist leaders the inevitable makers of a *closed society*, for which the iron curtain becomes a necessary defence. The economics of the spinning-wheel and the psychology of non-violent resistance; the scheme of basic education; the idea of a rural civilization implicit in Gandhi's advocacy of rural economic self-sufficiency; the idea of rule by village *panchayats* or truly democratic units growing from within outwards and expanding naturally; the idea of volunteer workers from all levels of society responding to the call to national service; these are all seed ideas capable of renovating life, social and individual, if given a chance to do so. They do not need to be accepted as cast-iron dogmas. They have only to be accepted experimentally as seed-thoughts to be tested in practice and modified in the light of experience.

The Marxians claim to be "scientific" in their methods, but their science is the science of matter and their art is the art of theology; their *élite*, like monks, have no liberty to think upon and question fundamentals. But the Gandhian *élite* are free to think and study, bound only by the requirements of truth, whose service is perfect freedom. The science and art of this *élite* in the training are related to biology and psychology. In fact, the best of *yoga* is based on psychology and hence the spirit of the *ashrama* is very different from that of the "indoctrination" classes of the Communists, with their dogmatic worship of a Book and their adop-

tion of military discipline for the purpose of insuring solidarity.

Gandhians, therefore, will form groups of dedicated men and women, free from allegiance to mere outward authority and bound only to uphold truth. But Truth to the Mahatma was not simply a body of sacred verses embalmed from Vedic times for devout repetition. It was a living reality, the network of fact and experience, aspiration and fulfilment in human life, revealed to the social servant in contemplation unwarped by passion and selfishness.

Gandhians will become social scientists and develop programmes of reform in the spheres of the family, of rural life, of education, of population policy, of land reform, of politics, of capital-labour relations, of nation-making, of foreign policy and of world peace. The Gandhian *élite* will make their recommendations in these fields and these will differ from the current ones which are coloured by Marxian, capitalist, imperialist, nationalist and "obscurantist" prejudices. Their schemes will issue from lives free from personal commitments and will have the sanction of *satyagraha*; readiness to back theory with a lifetime of service and, if need be, with death.

It is not necessary that the entire body of national leaders in all spheres of life should consist of the *élite* in this Gandhian sense. But all leadership should be chastened through the work and the example, the thought, and the guidance of the true Gandhian *ashrama élite, i.e.*, the *ashrama* should have enough representative members to give a lead to the men in charge in the various practical spheres of life. The people have such reverence for them that they would force their leaders to accept the advice of the *élite* when it is given. The leaven need not be quantitatively great, but it should have organic relations with all the departments of social life and work, reform and reconstruction.

The idea of an *élite* developed in this way will be a natural one for India because of the strong hold that the tradition of *karmayoga* has on the Indian people. This idea is better in every way than its rivals: the advance guard of the proletariat of Marxism or the Fascism into which the Pareto *élite* was developed by Mussolini.

Sociologically, the rôle of the Gandhian leaders will be to harmonize in a creative synthesis the clashing opposites of democracy and aristocracy. The *élite* would lead without exploitation, would work for the welfare of society, *lokasangraha*, would function as the brain and soul of society. This is the contribution that India, with her tradition of *karmayogis*, revived with such transcendent power by Gandhiji in our generation, is called upon to make in the present crisis of civilization.

M. A. VENKATA RAO

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS—AND TODAY

[**Miss Elizabeth Cross,** an English educationist of many years' observant and sympathetic experience, is a frequent and welcome contributor to our pages. She brings to bear upon the consideration of all problems a sturdy common sense, touched with an innate idealism, as in her reaction here to the bearing of the Ten Commandments on modern life and problems.—ED.]

Every now and then there is a revived interest in the Ten Commandments. Sometimes it is due to an outstanding personality in the Church, sometimes it is part of a religious revival, sometimes it seems nothing but a journalistic "stunt." In any case it is taken for granted that all Christians are familiar with the commandments and believe that they form a worthy moral guide. Whenever the commandments are studied and perhaps "interpreted in the light of today" (whatever that may mean !) it is assumed that if only everyone took greater heed of these particular directions and endeavoured to live in strict accordance with them the world would be so much the better. And, indeed, when we consider the commandments with an open mind we are bound to agree that they consist of a set of extremely comprehensive and worthy regulations for almost any society. In fact, if one took each command and tried to trace it to logical conclusions it might be possible for the whole system to show applications to all stages of civilization.

An example of this was given by Pearl Buck, in a book based on the theme: "Thou shalt have none other Gods.... " in which she showed the great moral danger of giving extravagant admiration and worship to human beings. In this case the "hero" was a young mountain climber and the frantic admiration of the public was not only bad for the worshippers but almost destroyed their idol. There is, in almost all Western countries, a tendency to this type of idolatry; public figures become excessively popular for often trivial reasons. There is the cult of the film star, the theatrical entertainer, the outstanding performer in some sport, and this public worship grows into a monster. What is of particular danger is that young people, dazzled by the brief success of some such idol, spend much of their time dreaming and wishing for equal fame and luxury and so lose the chance of progress in a more reasonable and worthy manner. There has always been a certain amount of "hero-worship" in all ages, but in the past the heroes (whether of a high or low type) were usually people who had actually done something by very real efforts. They may have been soldiers, explorers, discoverers of new plants or chemicals, but in all cases they had "worked their passage" as it were,

and were not the mere chance result of a well-shaped nose or photogenic eyes !

Thus we can see that idolatry, although non-existent perhaps in the original meaning of the commandment, is very much alive today. There is also a still more dangerous form, because more subtle, which is becoming prevalent. That is for men to assume powers that belong, by ancient right, to the supernatural. Because we have gone so far along the road in chemistry, medicine and general power over natural forces, there has come the temptation to imagine that men can usurp the powers of life and death. This was shown clearly in the 1939 war and its legacies of the concentration camp ; some human beings were used for experiments, others were disposed of as so much waste material.

It is interesting to read the commandments and to ponder upon their practical application both to the Jewish tribes who were the first recipients and also to the life of so-called civilized countries today. But what is perhaps more thought-provoking is to consider just why these special commandments were evolved and preserved and whether they can and do cover the peculiar moral faults and difficulties of the present age.

To begin with, it is obvious that the commandments are not merely an expression of the divine will, they are also quite clearly an expression of the philosophy and social wisdom of many ancient leaders. The Jews have always been distinguished for their practical good sense, and their great capacity for dealing with day-to-day problems. (Witness the minute rules given in the Old Testament for the conduct of nearly all daily life, health problems, social behaviour, food laws, etc., all in connection with the special needs of the climate, the temperament of the people and so on.) The Jews had a remarkable streak of religious mysticism, but this never becomes purely contemplative or purely poetic. Almost the whole of their religious teaching is well anchored to the earth, and their very strictness and literal interpretation of the scriptures served to keep the nation together in face of almost overwhelming difficulties.

Yes, the commandments are peculiarly suited to the Jewish people, as well as applicable to other races. They are especially suited in that they emphasize what must be done for survival and what is most strictly forbidden. They foresee certain temptations and dangers to which the Jewish temperament was most prone. They also emphasize certain aspects of social life that were particularly important in times of early history when life was partly pastoral and the nation was little more than a tribe. Thus you get a specific direction concerning old people : " Honour thy father and thy mother.... "; that is to say, the old people of the tribe were to be cared for, in them reposed the accumulated wisdom of years of ex-

perience. They were needed in many ways, yet sometimes they might be neglected or exposed to danger during the early days of a nation. A specially weighty direction was needed to preserve their place in the community. Thus we may presume that, on occasions, the Jews were not always inclined to give full reverence to the aged—though today, after years of instruction and belief this has been changed, in their community at any rate. But at the moment, in many Western countries, the reverse is taking place—the value of age and experience is constantly being challenged, not always with good results.

There is, then, this directive concerning the older generation, a commandment which we in general accept as natural and proper. The fact that it exists is proof, one feels, of the *need* of it as well as of its propriety. What is striking, however, is that nowhere, so far as I can discover, is there any commandment or directive concerning the care of children. Nowhere can I find any suggestion that children must be cared for, or that cruelty is forbidden. From what I have known of Jewish life I presume that there is no such commandment because no such commandment could possibly have been necessary. In fact, throughout the Old Testament there is abundant evidence of the love of parents for their children, of the ingenuity with which mothers saved their babies from death and injury; and in one particular example given: the story of Abraham and Isaac, when God demands the sacrifice of the son, it depends for its effectiveness on the very fact that this would be the supreme sacrifice. No, it is obvious that the Jews loved their children and cared for them as a matter of course, as a matter of nature. There was, even in the tales of jealousy and family quarrels, a strong family bond between all members, but especially between parents and children.

Yet today, it would seem that this is a commandment that is especially needed. It is a cause of great grief and shame to all responsible and decent English men and women that our country is passing through a phase in which cruelty to children is a commonplace. Sometimes the cruelty is of a shocking and degraded nature, sometimes it is a matter of slothful neglect and callous indifference. In any case it is true to say that very large numbers of parents are indifferent to their children. They take no interest in them; they find them a hindrance and a nuisance. If they can shift the responsibility on to others, they will. Many children are deprived of normal homes and then often their foster parents are incapable and unkind, though many, of course, are admirable.

All school teachers and welfare workers spend endless time and trouble helping children and doing their best to remedy neglect and ill-treatment. During the school terms, under the watchful eye of the school

workers and teachers, the children are reasonably clean, clothed and fed (most have school dinners and all have school milk), but in the holidays many tragedies occur. Children are left alone at night, many become verminous, many are cold and dirty, many more roam the streets or are given money to go to the cinema and absorb many harmful ideas.

This does not apply to poor homes only. The school where I work has very few really poor pupils, the majority of the parents earn far more than school teachers and spend more on non-essentials. No, poverty and bad housing are not the causes where I live. The homes are well-built, convenient, with modern sanitation, gardens, stoves, refrigerators and sometimes even television. Yet we have great difficulty in seeing that some of the children are clean and well clothed. Clearly a commandment is missing!

Another missing commandment, so far as England is concerned today, is: "Thou shalt not gamble." There is no trace that gambling, as such, appealed to the ancient Jews. Perhaps they were too level-headed. Perhaps trade was the great appeal. In any case it is gambling that uses up a great deal of money and interest in England today. There was, in previous centuries, a wave of gambling among the upper classes which ruined many families and redistributed some great houses and much wealth. It is only recently, however, that gambling has become the weekly, sometimes daily occupation of many of the people. It has been argued that the individual sums spent are small, sometimes as little as two shillings a week, and that the system gives an interest to otherwise dull lives. I feel, after watching and listening to the hundreds of different types of people who gamble regularly (mostly in the Football Pools), that both these arguments are false. Often the weekly sum is considerable and it tends to grow larger till it can ill be spared, and thus gambling makes a dull life still duller. The point is that no life should be dull, everyone can cultivate some interest and some creative talent; but instead of this gamblers pin their faith to mere "luck." One day, they believe, their "luck" will change and be good; the postman will bring them a huge cheque; this hope makes any effort at work seem simply pointless. Why bother to make your clothes or dig your garden, why save money or try to make any by a spare-time hobby—why do anything? Nothing you can do could possibly bring you in the thousands of pounds that some lucky little crosses on a bit of paper might achieve!

When I count up the postal orders and stamps that are sold each week, when I think of the time spent studying "forecasts" and more time spent arguing over results—I am quite sure that we could have learned how to "build Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land" ten

times over if we could have got rid of gambling completely.

False values are, of course, the real cause of both our main moral faults of today. The cure? A hard one, but to be found in the New Commandment given by Jesus Christ: "Love one another...."; with that in proper working order everything could come right.

ELIZABETH CROSS

UNITY OF CIVILIZATIONS

The civilizations of the East are, in essence, no different from those of the West: such is the thesis of an article entitled "The West Has Much to Learn from Asia," by Claude Levi-Strauss, Professor at the Ecole des Hautes Etudes, Paris, published in a recent issue of *Courier*. Hence his sound advice that any European seeking to understand the problem of South Asia must first banish from his mind the notion of the "exotic." There is nothing basically new in modern European lower middle class civilization, which is primarily urban and industrial. Descriptions of the Indus Valley, Mohenjodaro and Harappa towns, 4000 to 5000 years old, make one feel that "the most ancient civilizations of the Old World were giving the New World its lineaments." Only, all Western civilization has tended to separate corporeal from spiritual activities as completely as possible, or rather to treat them as two uncommunicating worlds. Ancient Asia has always sensed the interdependence of all beings and the compatibility of varied values even in the sphere of political and social thought. The ideal she has upheld from the time of Asoka, who, as the Director-General of Unesco said in his address to the Indian National Commission, "attained to the concept of a universal comity seeking the good of all created things" to that of Gandhiji has been one of peaceful brotherhood. The political and æsthetic achievements of Akbar stand witness to the continuity of the tradition.

G. M.

JINESHWAR MAHAVIR SWAMI

HIS LIFE AND TEACHINGS

[Convinced as we are that no religion has a monopoly of Truth but that the combined views of all can yield it, after that which is false in each of them has been sifted out, we are glad to present from time to time the teachings of a single religion, as in this study of the great teacher of the Jains. The author, **Shri Shantichand K. Jhaveri,** wrote in our August 1944 issue on a virtue taught in all religions but especially prominently stressed in Jainism and mentioned here, '*Daya*' or Kindness. How greatly it is needed in the world today !—ED.]

Jainism is a logical and scientific school of thought. It expounds a theory and offers an analysis and a convincing explanation of existence; also, it expounds the connection and liberation of the only two elements of which this universe is made, namely, *Jiv* (*Ātmā* or Soul) and *Ajiv* (*Pūdgal* or matter). This school of thought, which is rightly believed to be eternal and to have existed from time immemorial throughout endless cycles, was brought to light in this *Avasarpini*, in the early part of the fourth stage of the present period of human existence, by Shri Rishabhdev or Adishwar Swami, the first of the series of 24 *Tirthankars* of the Jains. Shri Rishabhdev, as long as he was a worldly man, taught the people of his time the way of living a worldly life; but when he renounced the world and became an ascetic in order to attain his liberation from his *karmas* (which it is taught that he did attain) he taught the way of the spiritual life. This fact is brought out in ancient Aryan history and supported by the Scriptures.

Twenty-two other *Tirthankars* followed Shri Rishabhdev and promulgated the theories of Jainism. Some Jains hold that the period of the *Rāmāyaṇa* concurs with the time of the 20th *Tirthankar* and that that of the *Mahābhārat* concurs with the time of the 22nd *Tirthankar*. Then comes the later part of the fourth stage of the present period of human existence, the time of Shri Mahavir Swami, the 24th *Tirthankar* of the Jains and the founder of the now prevailing philosophy of Jainism.

This was the golden age in the history of Bhārat, which was then at a peak of culture and civilization. Many of the people had a great love of freedom, of knowledge, and of the art of living and a desire to reach the goal of existence. At that time Jainism was not merely an exclusive sect but was loved and could be espoused by members of any of the four castes, *Brahmins*, *Kshatriyas*, *Vaishyas* or *Shudras*. It was a universal religion, with no bar of caste, colour, creed, sex or status.

At that time, about 2,550 years ago, *i.e.*, 598 B.C., Queen Trishalādévi, wife of King Siddhārtha of Vaishāli, gave birth to a male child in *Chaitra* (April) on *Sudi* 13 in the city of Kshatriyakund. His birth was ceremoniously celebrated. The child was named Shri Vardhamānkumār, as his parents became very happy and were blessed with plenty after his birth. Shri Vardhamānkumār (later to be known as Mahavir Swami) was bold, courageous, strong and handsome, with a radiant personality.

He was well educated. He had a great love for knowledge and achieved proficiency therein, having a keen intellect as well as marvellous spiritual powers. He was greatly loved by his parents, but his soul was eager to be free from worldly affinities, and thirsted for real and Eternal Bliss. He began early to look upon the world from a different angle. He was destined to uplift the whole of humanity ; his life was saintly and without attachment. In order not to displease his parents, he married a Princess named Yashodharā and had a daughter by that marriage, named Priyadarshanā.

His parents died when he was 28 years old, and he thought that then the way to the uplifting of his soul was clear ; so far he had not renounced the world because of the great love which his parents had had towards him. So at the age of 30, self-instructed and self-inspired, he joined the saintly order and became a *Sādhu*, a monk, after renouncing all his worldly possessions and attachments. Even before that he had been giving away gold in alms for one full year, as was the social and worldly custom.

By that time malpractices had begun to penetrate social, religious and political activities. The purity of religion was becoming marred by false preaching. Violence, hypocrisy, vengeance, blind faith, etc., were creeping in in place of true religious practice. Non-vegetarianism had gained immense popularity. People were made to believe that they could attain liberation by performing false sacrificial ceremonies : by sacrificing in the fire, or otherwise, living creatures, etc. In those days of violence and malpractice, Shri Vardhamānkumār boldly preached of spiritual *Yagna*, the sacrifice of vices such as anger, vanity, attachment, greed and others ; and promulgated the great *Vibhuti* of Non-violence as the chief one and the mother of religion.

After initiation into the saintly order—and taking a lifelong vow to observe the five *Mahāvratas* : Non-violence, Truth, Non-stealing, *Brahmacharya* or Non-waste in thought, word or deed, and Non-possession, Shri Vardhamānkumār experienced ecstasy in his new life. He was convinced that one should destroy all his *karmas* in order to be free from worldly misery and the round of births and deaths ; that one should be free from *Rāg* and *Dvésh*—attachment and hatred.

Jainism teaches that it is easy to be free from hatred but very diffi-

cult to be free from attachment; but that one must conquer both and must avoid the feelings of sentimental compassion and disgust, while having spiritual compassion, which desires every being to be free from this ocean of worldly misery and to attain liberation. When that *Vitrāg* stage is reached, then only can one attain liberation, for otherwise one must move in the circle and cycle of *sansār*—the world—and its processes. For the destruction of *karmas*, penances and renunciation are necessary.

Realizing this, Shri Vardhamānkumār began to practise self-discipline and control over physical desires and to observe and perform extremely difficult penances. He, the ever virile man, showed complete peace of mind in the midst of extreme physical pain, bearing it without affectation and with complete mental calm.

While moving about barefooted, without worldly protection, observing his vows and following his path of liberation, he came across Chandkaushik, a glance-poisoning *Nāg*, to whom he preached peace and forbearance and thus brought to his proper senses. He moved in Aryan as well as in non-Aryan countries and bore with the great patience befitting a saint all the troubles created for him by worldly creatures as well as by other beings. He also observed great penances and long fasts. He accepted alms from Sati Chandanbālā and broke his month-long fast when his conditions for accepting alms were fulfilled. Chandanbālā afterwards became one of his chief women disciples.

Thus, observing great penances for about 12 years, Shri Vardhamānkumār at the age of 42 acquired *Kéval-Gnān*, and became omniscient on *Vaishakh Sud* 10, while meditating under a *shāli* tree at Jambhrik. Now he became known as a *Kéval-Gnāni*, possessing all knowledge about all things of all times; and as an *Arihant*, one who had destroyed all his hostile *karmas*. At Apāpā-Nagari, in his famous sermon, he preached his doctrine to the great Brahmin scholars, including Indrabhuti or Shri Gautam Swami and others, and convinced them regarding the theory and principles of Jainism. Shri Gautam Swami became his chief disciple. At that time he formed four categories or groups (*Tirthas*) of his followers, namely *Sādhu*, *Sādhvi*, *Shrāvak* and *Shrāvikā*, and hence he is also called a *Tīrthaṅkar*, a founder of *Tirthas*.

The superhuman courage and the dauntless energy shown by Shri Vardhamānkumār in destroying his hostile *karmas* and in becoming free from them, earned him the name of Shri "Mahāvīr" Swami. He preached to the universe that every being had equally the right to live and to uplift his soul. Birth did not make one high or low. Virtue and right action were the real standards for measuring one as high or low. He gave prominence to and minutely and critically analyzed and preached the five *Mahāvratas* mentioned

above. He showed two ways for his followers: (1) complete renunciation, for *Sādhus*; and (2) partial renunciation, for *Shrāvakas*. He explained the importance of forgiveness as "the ornament of the brave." He stressed the necessity of humility, restraint, tolerance, abstinence, resignation, peace, contentment, self-help, diligence, pure and true knowledge, understanding, good behaviour and character for the uplift of one's soul. He preached the avoidance of self-indulgence and of all violent acts, the idea of possession, attachment to worldly beings and false beliefs. The Soul, he taught, becomes spiritually rich by having right belief, knowledge and understanding and by preserving these and acting accordingly.

He further preached that the philosophy if practised, would not only prevent a being from degenerating but uplift it. It was the religion which could not be weighed in gold. It consisted in *Dayā* (kindness) and in following the commandments of Divine Souls, in conversion by change of heart, and in increasing peace and contentment. He taught that six categories of beings, earth, water, air, fire, vegetation and moving creatures, had life and soul in them. Freedom from fear of all these six categories or non-embarrassment regarding them in the strict sense of the term, and not giving them any physical or mental pain of the slightest degree is called Non-violence, which was the chief canon of his preaching.

The idea of worldly possessions is the root of all evil. He logically established the doctrine that only the worship of virtue and divine qualities is acceptable. He warned his followers to be free in time from the illusions of the world, which is as fragile, destructible, fleeting and transitory as are the colours of the evening. He also established with logic, argument and rational elucidations the theory of *karma* and re-birth. Good *karmas*, or acts, are like golden shackles and bad ones are like iron shackles. When these shackles are done away with, the soul becomes free from *karmas* and, attaining *Moksha*, is free for ever from the misery of endless cycles of births and deaths.

Regarding the deep and difficult doctrine of *Ātmā* (Soul) he preached that Soul is the friend of soul. It is not possible to have true compassion for others unless one has compassion for one's own soul. Know the soul and prevent it from doing evil deeds. Soul can destroy the *karmas* that have gathered around it by following the path of asceticism; it then becomes pure and attains *Nirvāṇa*. Each soul can become a God, if it so chooses and energizes itself in that direction.

The soul has two sides—good and bad. If the bad is destroyed, then the good remains. To bring out the good, the *Sādhu* life or ascetic life is necessary. The ascetic life, which is the key-note or corner-stone of Lord Mahavir's teachings, means observing the five *Mahāvratas* and

the eight ways of living in abstinence in their entirety and following his commandments. The observance of such an ascetic life is called self-introspection; it is the search for the Soul within the soul, it is concentration on the Inner Self. Complete asceticism and complete dispassion lead to perfect realization of Soul, to omniscience, to *Moksha*, which is the ideal and goal of Lord Mahavir's teachings. In that way each soul can become a God and attain Liberation.

Alms to the worthy; ascetic and saintly character and behaviour; austere penances and non-violent thinking and attitude—these are the four ways of attaining eternal bliss, which is craved by every soul.

Dayā—kindness—is the root of religion, but Lord Mahavir warned that knowledge was the first requisite; only after knowing fully and truly the difference between *Jīv* and *Ajiv*, soul and matter, was real *Dayā* possible. Lord Mahavir declared that he had friendship with all and animosity with none, and gave the message of peace and love to the universe: "To love all and hate none."

His teachings are known as Jainism. "Jain" means, in a broad and general sense, the conqueror over self, over the senses. One who is beyond attachment and hatred is a Jain. He preached to all conquest over the internal enemies of the soul instead of external, visible enemies.

Moving in different countries, he visited the city of Rājgrihi—capital of Magadh. There he preached his doctrines to and convinced King Shrénik, well known in history as King Bimbisar, and his Queen Chélna. The city of Rājgrihi became the centre and shelter of Jain culture, civilization, literature and religion and King Shrénik became a renowned follower of Lord Mahavir, who at that time by his preaching brought to the right path many other kings, merchants, scholars and others. Thus, after attaining omniscience, Lord Mahavir for full 30 years preached Jainism, the message of Non-violence.

Such is the noble and glorious life and the precious preaching of the great saint Mahavir Swami, the bravest of the brave, a great and powerful soul. Laying aside the splendour of a kingdom, he chose asceticism and preached worldly detachment and universal brotherhood. His teachings are now embodied in 32 *sutras* and he has at present a following of about 2,000,000 people in all parts of the world.

That great Muni, great performer of penances, great observer of renunciation, who glorified the teachings of Non-violence and Truth and established the path of restraint, he whose divine qualities brightened the universe, Lord Mahavir, proved the superb strength of his soul by his ceaseless efforts towards his goal. After completing his life mission, and in the midst of a fast after preaching a public sermon and final renunciation, he breathed his last at Pāvāpuri on the night of *Diwāli* (*Deepā-*

vali), at the age of 72. Thus, 470 years before the Vikram year, he attained his well-deserved and long craved *Moksha*, Liberation, reaching eternal peace and happiness by the royal road shown to us by him.

SHANTICHAND K. JHAVERI

THE YOGI AND THE ARTIST

A Coleridge or a Matthew Arnold writing on poetry is to all a quite natural phenomenon; so also it is when a true painter discusses a painting or a musician scrutinizes another musician or his work, and so on. This is as it should be. For who would put the whip into the hands of a layman to try his lash upon the beautiful works of a Rodin, a Michaelangelo, a Shakespeare? To be a judge one must possess the necessary qualifications, undergo some sort of training, know at least the fundamentals, if not also the finer points of his subject. An expert's opinion is always welcome.

But the question may be raised whether this departmentalism is proof against bigotry and narrow professionalism, whether an occasional breeze of opinion from outside is not wholesome? The argument for this is strengthened when it is pointed out that all art is at bottom one: it is the expression of the Beautiful, the creation of *Rasa* or Delight. And if it be so, who would scorn a sympathetic observation from a Beethoven on a masterly landscape on canvas; who would not receive with open arms from a Keats a eulogy on a painting by Raphael or Michaelangelo!

Since a secret but profound unity binds all the arts together, if one has a clear glimpse of it, one can walk freely from one field to another, gathering a beautiful bouquet of the flowers of music or of painting or of ideas philosophic and grand. And who has this clear vision more than the Yogi? He is not merely in union, *yukta*, with the Divine, the origin and refuge of all that is, that was and that forever shall be, not merely absorbed in a deep and beatific contemplation of the Above; he looks at the same time at this wonderful earth with eager knowledge, tries to mould himself and all that is around him according to the inmost laws of Nature.

The Yogi is an artist. Nay, he is more than an artist. He creates himself. His is the task of continuous self-finding and self-building, holding fast to eternal Truth and Beauty. He is rising. He will give us the true estimation of all things and of all our works, in life or in literature or any other of the creative fields. As he is not bound to the bias of his ego, he is just and generous in his appreciation; as he is not serving any preconceived maxim or convenient theory, he is upholding and uttering the impersonal truth; as he is not anxious to please or displease any, he brings us to a clear atmosphere where the light shines and the darkness is not.

SAMIR KANTA GUPTA

EDMOND HOLMES AND HIS SERVICE TO INDIAN THOUGHT

[In connection with this appreciation of a great Western lover of India, Edmond Holmes, by **Dr. M. Hafiz Syed,** retired Professor of the University of Allahabad, we are happy to recall that Mr. Holmes contributed, at the age of 80, a very interesting article to our first volume. Writing in our September 1930 issue on "The Practicality of Buddhism and the Upanishads," he made one more contribution to the bridge between East and West which he had helped to build. He wrote to us in sending that valuable article, prepared at our request: "Here is the paper which you have asked me to write. I have written it to order for the first time in my life....I can honestly say that I mean every word of it."—ED.]

Edmond Gore Alexander Holmes was the son of an Irish landlord and brother of the late Dr. Thomas Rice E. Holmes, author of *Cæsar's Conquest of Gaul* and *A History of the Indian Mutiny*. Edmond Holmes was born in Ireland on July 17th, 1850, but his family moved to England when he was 11 years old. He was educated at the Merchant Taylors' School and St. John's College, Oxford, which stimulated his bent for poetry and toward public service through education. To both of these Holmes devoted himself almost continuously after taking his degree. His first volume of poems appeared in 1876, and he was by then also one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools.

Holmes belonged to that distinguished group of men who, like Matthew Arnold, combined educational work with the pursuit of and a strong personal interest in letters and philosophy. But Holmes surpassed the others in his devotion to education and the pursuit of an ideal. These were his dominating passions. Arnold lives as a poet and as a critic of English national life; Holmes made his mark, and will be remembered, as the author of *What Is and What Might Be*, and as the leading spirit of a movement for freer development in education.

It was Holmes's misfortune that during nearly the whole of his service as an Inspector of Schools the system of "payment by results," with its accompanying "individual examination," was in force. Holmes did not win through it to a freer atmosphere till near the end of his career, and it would seem that his mind was by then so firmly set, partly by the mechanical official system which he had had to administer and partly by his philosophy of self-realization, that when he became Chief Inspector of Elementary Schools he was no longer fresh enough to make much impression on the State system of education from within it, though

the Inspectors whom he influenced have been able to deepen such impression as he made.

From without the State system, however, his influence was very great. He had discovered, before he retired, a little school at Sompting near Worthing, where the mistress proceeded on the lines of free expression, activity in hand-work and dramatization, which methods have now become familiar in most elementary schools—and on this he founded a new gospel of education. His book, *What Is and What Might Be*, became the inspiration of hundreds of teachers who had been chafing under the old repressive system; and a society was started under the title of "New Ideals in Education," which still flourishes and has annual conferences.

It is not surprising that Holmes's official experience, added to his own strongly introspective bent, led him, when he began to speak freely about education, to take a biased and even denunciatory line. In his later writings he never spoke of himself except as having been mistaken when he was Inspector of Schools, or as having done anything but harm in carrying out the examinations prescribed in his time. Dualism, both in the field of philosophy and in that of religion, was anathema to the synthetical mind of Holmes, whose life's pilgrimage, as he tells us in his autobiography, was a quest for the ideal of unity. He found the unity which gave him peace in a philosophy little to be distinguished from Buddhism, about which he wrote one of his self-revealing and yearning volumes. Among his numerous friends in all walks of life there are many who treasure his memory most for his contributions to religious thought as enshrined in his books *The Creed of Christ*, *The Creed of Buddha*, *The Secret of the Cross* and *The Secret of Happiness*.

Holmes was also a poet and a "humanist." As the first he was intense but spasmodic, writing at various periods, more especially in early life, series of sonnets of deep feeling and exquisite expression. Though his educational ideas turned towards the future, in poetry he belonged wholly to the older school, with its insistence on form and its use of musical lines and memorable words. An anthology of his poems has been made, and they well deserve revival. They would have attained a wider popularity had it not been for their intense self-concentration and a certain other-worldliness which is out of tune with most modern verse. He was even better in his all too rare critical essays, especially when the subject interested him greatly. His monograph on Walt Whitman, prefixed to a selection of Whitman's verse, is in our opinion the best ever written on the American poet.

But he showed his true nature in the growth of what he calls his "humanism"—his progress to a complete love of his fellow-men as the foundation of all true knowledge, or of any hopeful view of the future. He traces this humanism in his

autobiography: *In Quest of an Ideal*, and illustrates its unfoldment by quotations from his poems.

His strongest passion as a young man was for Nature. In kinship with Nature he found his other self and was released from a false and fettering belief in supernaturalism. In the next stage he sought more deeply in his own spiritual being for the solution of the riddles of the universe and for inward peace. Only at the last were his eyes opened to the essential oneness of all human spirits, and the possibility of emancipation from doubt and trouble through Love—not passionate, or even ideal love, such as he had expressed in his earlier sonnets; but through the simple fundamental love, or sense of identity, between human beings. He found this love expressed most readily in unspoilt children, and attributes this greatest enlightenment of his to his associations in his favourite school in Sussex.

Holmes married in 1880 Florence Mary Syme, the daughter of Captain Syme, R. A.; she died in 1927. He left one son and two daughters. He died at the age of 87.

Since the contact of East and West through England and India, there have been many currents of thought through which each has been influenced by the other. The Western peoples began to take interest in the life and culture of Eastern countries and many of the sacred books of the East were translated into English under the editorship of Max Müller. In our own century a number of European scholars have studied the original texts of the ancient Hindu and Buddhist religions and philosophy and made them accessible to European readers. Most of them have confined themselves to the letter of the sacred scriptures and not paid enough attention to the underlying meanings. Those without a sympathetic insight have failed in understanding the true spirit of Indian culture; and often they have been misled because they have misunderstood the underlying meaning. Only very recently some unbiased and open-minded Western people have begun to take an interest in the spiritual life and thought of ancient India.

Having been acquainted with most of the writers on Buddhism in modern times, I can say without any hesitation, that the late Edmond Holmes occupied a unique position as an interpreter of this system of Indian thought. It was he who fathomed a deeper meaning in the Buddha's wonderful scheme of life and guessed the secret of His mysterious silence. As a deep thinker Holmes had as much right as any Orientalist to attempt the solution of that fascinating problem. He was one of the first to assert that "the teaching of Buddha can in no wise be dissociated from the master current of ancient Indian thought."

He was of the opinion that "the dominant philosophy of ancient India was a spiritual idealism of a singularly pure and exalted type, which found its truest expression in those

Vedic treatises known as the Upanishads." He was fully convinced, in the course of his close and searching studies of Buddhistic and Hindu sacred lore, that the Buddha was deeply influenced by the ideas of more ancient seers and that it was not possible for one to enter into the true spirit of Buddhistic philosophy, or to unravel any of its great enigmas, unless one was fully and genuinely acquainted with the Upanishadic system of thought.

Edmond Holmes was in entire disagreement with the Orientalists who believed that the Buddha was a nihilist and a materialist and had no faith in human immortality. He was one of the first Western thinkers who fearlessly asserted that the Buddha was not a pessimist and that what he saw at the heart of the Universe was not the darkness of annihilation, but the glory of Nirvāṇa.

Some scholars and savants well-versed in Buddhistic lore, some seers and sages who have well-established reputations for inward illumination and deep *yogic* vision, have told me that they looked upon Edmond Holmes's interpretation of the Buddha's philosophy of life as truly sound and convincing. For example, when I sent a copy of *The Creed of Buddha* to Sir Patrick Geddes in 1921 while he was in Palestine, he wrote to me to say that it was the best interpretation of Buddhism that he had ever read. So Holmes rendered a great service to the cause of spiritual culture, as one of those who have ably interpreted the Eastern point of view to Western people.

India, especially, owes a deep debt of gratitude to Holmes for the wonderful manner in which he explained the deeper meaning underlying her philosophies and religions. He read in English translation practically all the important texts of Indian philosophy. There have been and are men among Orientalists in the West more learned than he, but few had the penetrative vision and insight which Holmes had and used in order to understand the underlying meaning and deep significance of the terse aphorisms and treatises in which the age-old Eastern philosophical wisdom is embodied. The proof of this statement, sweeping as it may appear, may be had by studying some of his books, *e.g.*, *All is One*, *Self-Realization* and *The Secret of Happiness*.

He discovered in Indian philosophy a sound basis for practical life. In his characteristically lucid style he expressed the thought that the vision of All had love of the All as its other self; and that the clearer the vision was, the larger was the scope and the purer the flame of love. The man who believes in the reality of the One Supreme without a second, as the Vedantists do, and Its inalienable relation with all human beings as the source of their being, cannot help loving his neighbours, his fellow-men, as himself. When he does this his sense of separateness from other things dies out of his heart and the sense of oneness with

all other beings takes complete possession of him; then his consciousness is universalized and he realizes his highest Self.

Without living in the lives of others one cannot attain true happiness. This is the theme of his book, *The Secret of Happiness*, in which he has applied some Vedantic principles to everyday human life.

It has occurred to few Indian thinkers of any school of philosophy to find in its fundamental principles a working basis for and a sound system of education. We all admit that education is the most civilizing force in human history, and that a sound system of education should be based on a sound philosophy of life. Holmes was one of the earlier of the daring thinkers of the West to pronounce the Western system of education unsound and devitalizing because it was based on the assumption that human nature was corrupt and sinful, and therefore intrinsically evil. Unless this misconception is removed and is replaced by a higher and completely opposite view, there is no hope for mankind to attain its true destiny.

Edmond Holmes exhorted the Western people to revise their conception of human origin and human destiny in the light of ancient Indian philosophy which has taught from time immemorial that man is divine in origin and has divine potentialities. The function of education is to foster growth. To ask education to bring the human being to a sane and healthy maturity and at the same time to teach that human being that he is intrinsically corrupt and evil, is an obviously impracticable proposition. One might as well supply a farmer with the seeds of wild grasses and poisonous weeds, and then ask him to grow a crop of wheat! Growth can and does transform potential good into actual good, but no process of growth can transform what is innately evil into what is finally good.

The time has come, declared Holmes, for us to throw away the though time-honoured false belief that a child is conceived in sin and shaped in iniquity. There is positive proof that the contrary doctrine, the doctrine of man's inherent and potential goodness, is true. This conception is drawn from Indian thought, as Holmes acknowledges in no uncertain terms. Thus, he is a thinker who found immense utility in the application of Indian philosophy to educational problems, a work which any Indian should have been proud to have done.

M. HAFIZ SYED

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

RARE WINE OF ANCIENT VINTAGE

[Whether or not the derivation claimed for *The Economy of Human Life* can be established to the scholar's satisfaction, its content justifies the encomiums of **Mr. James Kerr** of British Columbia, who in this article presents numerous quotations from this valuable old treatise on ethics.—ED.]

It was the writer's good fortune recently to stumble upon what he considers a somewhat rare "find" in ancient lore. The volume, printed in London in the 18th century, and numbering about 200 pages, bears the title *The Economy of Human Life* and is an English translation, made about 1750 A.D. from the Chinese, the latter having been translated about that time from the ancient "Brahman," and the book itself, in the "Brahman," is stated to have been discovered in the archives of the sacred College of the Lamas, in Tibet. The authorship of the original is clouded in the mists of antiquity, some of the Chinese scholars attributing it to their own Confucius, and getting over the difficulty of its being written in the ancient "Brahman," by supposing it to be only a translation, and the original work of Confucius to be lost. This, on the face of it, would seem a little far-fetched. But where it may have originated neither adds to nor detracts from its intrinsic worth as a treatise on Ethics. As to time, it seems safe to infer that its authorship antedates by a considerable period the Christian era.

Spirituality, profundity, emphasis on life's true values, worldly wisdom, business precepts, domestic counsel, advice to young men, caution, shrewd common-sense—all these are found in this ancient book, and its words are as applicable to human life today as in that period of the world's history when they were first penned. One can trace a resemblance at times to the Proverbs of Solomon, and even to the Book of Job and to the Psalms. The Oriental imagery, and the quaint 18th century English serve only to give the work an added charm.

The book is divided into two parts, Part I dealing with the duties that relate to man considered as an individual; Part II treating of Man in general. Each of the various sections of the first part deals specifically with some human virtue or quality, and its opposite. But let the book speak for itself:—

CONSIDERATION. Commune with thyself, O, Man!...Contemplate thy powers; contemplate thy wants and thy connections; so shalt thou discover the duties of life, and be directed in all thy ways. As one that runneth in haste, and leapeth over a fence, may fall into a pit which he doth not see; so is the man that plungeth suddenly into any action, before he hath considered the consequences thereof.

What counsel could be more apposite than this?—

MODESTY. The first step towards being wise is to learn that thou art ignorant; and if thou wouldst be esteemed in the judgment of others, cast off the folly of seeming wise in thine own conceit.

And could this be surpassed for directness?—

APPLICATION. Whatever thou resolvest to do, do it quickly; defer not till the evening, what the morning may accomplish. The hand of diligence defeateth want; prosperity and success are the industrious man's attendants. The slothful man is a burden to himself; he looketh about and knoweth not what he would do. His days pass away like the shadow of a cloud; and he leaveth behind him no mark for remembrance.

EMULATION. Endeavour to be first in thy calling, whatever it be; neither let anyone go before thee in well-doing; nevertheless do not envy the merits of another, but improve thine own talent.

PRUDENCE. Put a bridle on thy tongue; set a guard before thy lips; lest the words of thine own mouth destroy thy peace. [A talkative man is a nuisance to Society; the ear is sick of his babbling; the torrent of his words overwhelmeth conversation.] Use not today what tomorrow may want; neither leave that to hazard, what foresight may provide for, or care prevent.

FORTITUDE. A noble spirit disdaineth the malice of fortune: his greatness of soul is not to be cast down. He raiseth his head like a tower on the hill; and the arrows of fortune drop at his feet.

CONTENTMENT. To be satisfied with a little is the greatest wisdom...[and he, who increaseth his riches, increaseth his cares; but a contented mind is a hidden treasure and a guard from trouble.] Yet if thou sufferest not the blandishments of fortune to rob thee of justice, or temperance, or charity, or modesty, even riches themselves shall not make thee unhappy.

TEMPERANCE (in all things)....Who is she that with graceful steps and with a lively air trips over yonder plain? Her name is Health; she is the daughter of Exercise, who begot her upon Temperance; their sons inhabit the mountains. Their pleasures are moderate, and therefore they endure; their repose is short but sound and undisturbed. Their blood is pure; their minds are serene; and the physician knoweth not the way to their habitations.

Even modern Psychology could not phrase it better than this:—

HOPE AND FEAR....If thou believest a thing impossible, thy despondency shall make it so; but he that persevereth shall overcome all difficulties.

ANGER. Consider how few things are worthy of anger; and thou wilt wonder that any but fools should be wroth. A mild answer to an angry man, like water cast upon the fire, abates his heat; and from an enemy, he shall become thy friend.

PITY. He who pitieth another, recommendeth himself; but he who is without compassion, deserveth it not.

"Woman" is dealt with at some length, but a few quotations will show the spirit and the trend:—

...She is clothed with neatness; she is fed with temperance; humility and meekness are the crown of glory circling her head. On her tongue dwelleth music, the sweetness of honey floweth from her lips. Happy were the man that should make her his wife; happy the child that shall call her mother. She ariseth in the morning; she considereth her affairs; and appointeth to everyone their proper business. She informeth the minds of her children with wisdom: she fashioneth their manners from the example of her own goodness. In prosperity, she is not puffed up; in adversity, she healeth the wounds of Fortune with patience.

The next caption is "The Duties of Natural Relations."

HUSBAND....take unto thyself a wife and become a faithful member of Society. But examine with care, and fix not suddenly; on thy present choice, depends the future happiness of thee and thy posterity. But when thou findest sensibility of heart, joined with softness of manners, an accomplished mind with a form agreeable to thy fancy, take her home to thy house, she is worthy of thy bosom. Cherish her as a blessing sent from Heaven; let the kindness of thy behaviour endear thee to her heart.

FATHER. Consider, thou who art a parent, the importance of thy trust; the being thou hast produced, it is thy duty to support. Watch the bent of his inclination; set him right in his youth: and let no evil habit gain strength with his years. Teach him justice, and he shall be honoured by the world; teach him sincerity, and his own heart shall not reproach him. Teach him diligence, and his wealth shall increase; teach him benevolence, and his mind shall be exalted. Teach him science, and his mind shall be useful; teach him religion, and his death shall be happy.

SON. Be grateful to thy father, for he gave thee life, and to thy mother, for she sustained thee. Hear the words of their mouths, for they are spoken for thy good... and let not their grey hairs be treated with irreverence.

BROTHERS. Ye are the children of one father, provided for, by his care; and the breast of one mother hath given you suck. Let the bonds of affection therefore unite thee with thy brothers; that peace and happiness may dwell in thy father's house. And when ye separate in the world, remember the relation that bindeth you to love and unity... ..If thy brother is in adversity, assist him; if thy sister is in trouble, forsake her not.

The next section of the book is headed "Providence, or the Accidental Differences of Man." For example:—

WISE AND IGNORANT....the wise man doubteth often and changeth his mind; the fool is obstinate and doubteth not; he knoweth all things but his own ignorance. The wise man feeleth his imperfection and is humbled; he laboureth in vain for his own approbation. But the fool peepeth in the shallow dream of his own mind, and is pleas-

ed with the pebbles which he seeth at the bottom; he bringeth them up and sheweth them as pearls; and with the applause of his brethren, delighteth he himself.

Rich and Poor. The man to whom God hath given riches and a mind to employ them aright looketh on his wealth with pleasure, because it affordeth him the means to do good. He rejoiceth therefore in riches, and his joy is blameless. But woe unto him that heapeth up wealth in abundance, and rejoiceth alone in the possession thereof. That thriveth on oppression without feeling...the curse of iniquity pursueth him; he liveth in continual fear. The anxiety of mind and the rapacious desires of his own soul take vengeance upon him for the calamities he hath brought upon others. What are miseries of poverty, in comparison with the gnawings of this man's heart?

Let the poor man comfort himself, yea, rejoice; for he hath many reasons. He sitteth down to his morsel in peace; his table is not crowded with flatterers and devourers. Debarred from the luxuries of the rich, he escapeth all their diseases. The bread that he eateth, is it not sweet to his taste? The water he drinketh, is it not pleasant to his thirst? Yea, far more delicious than the richest draughts of the luxurious. His labour preserveth his health and produceth him a repose, to which the downy bed of Sloth is a stranger.

Master and Servant. The honour of a servant is his fidelity; be studious of thy master's interests; be diligent in his affairs; and faithful to the trust which he reposeth in thee. And thou who art a master, be just to thy servant, if thou expectest fidelity; be reasonable in thy commands, if thou expectest obedience. The spirit of a *man* is in him; severity and rigour, which create fear, cannot command his love. He shall serve thee faithfully from gratitude; and shall obey thee cheerfully from love; and fail not thou in return to give his diligence and fidelity their just reward.

Monarchs and Subjects. The glory of a King is the welfare of his people; his power and dominion relieth on the hearts of his subjects. His magistrates are just; his ministers are wise....He foundeth his judgments on the principles of mercy; his ears are open to the complaints of his subjects; he restraineth the hand of oppression; and delivereth from its tyranny. His subjects are therefore faithful and firm in his cause; they stand in his defence as a wall of brass. The army of his enemy fleeth before them as chaff before the wind. Security and peace bless the dwellings of his people, and glory and strength encircle his throne for ever.

Under the heading of "Social Duties" we find, for example:—

Benevolence. As the rose breatheth sweetness from its own nature, so the heart of a benevolent man produceth good works.

Justice. The peace of Society dependeth on justice; the happiness of individuals on the certain enjoyment of their possessions. In thy dealings with men, be impartial and just; and do unto them as thou wouldst they should do unto thee.

Charity. He censureth not his neighbour: he believeth not the tales of envy and malevolence: neither repeateth he their slanders—He promoteth in his neighbourhood peace and good-will; and his name is repeated with praise and benedictions.

Gratitude. As the branches of a tree return their sap to the root, from whence it arose...so the heart of a grateful man delighteth in returning a benefit received. And if to return it be not in his power, he nourisheth the memory of it in his breast with kindness; he forgetteth it not all the days of his life.

Sincerity. The tongue of the sincere is rooted in his heart; hypocrisy and deceit have no place in his words. The words of his tongue are the thoughts of his heart. But the heart of the hypocrite is hid in his breast. He maketh his words in the semblance of truth, while the business of his life is only to deceive. He worketh in the dark as a mole, and fancieth he is safe: but he blundereth into light, and is exposed to full view with dirt on his head.

We come now to a section of the book, which was a separate manuscript, discovered a little later. This second portion, however, is but the complement of the other, thus making it a complete system.

Man is considered in general, and the human frame is spoken of thus:—

...Wherefore of all creatures art thou only erect, but that thou shouldst behold His works; wherefore art thou to behold but that thou mayest admire them; wherefore to admire, but that thou mayest adore them and thy Creator? Knowing thyself then the pride of His creation; the link uniting divinity and matter; behold a part of God himself within thee: remember thine own dignity; nor dare descend to evil or to meanness.

The Soul of Man. The end of her search is truth: her means to discover it are reason and experience: but are not these weak, uncertain and fallacious? How shall she attain unto it? Perception of thyself; the knowledge of Him who created thee; the sense of the worship thou owest to Him; are not these plain before thy face? and behold, what is more that man needeth to know?

THE PERIOD AND USES OF HUMAN LIFE. Learn to esteem Life as thou ought; then art thou near the pinnacle of wisdom....he who neglecteth the present moment, throweth away all that he hath....Virtue can add reverence to the bloom of youth; and without it, age plants more wrinkles in the soul than in the forehead. Be virtuous while thou art young, so shall thine age be honoured.

Of "Man—His Infirmities and Their Effects" we read:—

VANITY. The heart of the vain is troubled, while it seemeth content: his cares are greater than his pleasures. If he hath done anything worthy of praise...his joy is to proclaim it; his pride is to hear it reported; the desire of such a man defeateth itself: men say not, Behold he hath done it...but, Mark how proud he is of it.

INCONSTANCY. The inconstant one's life is unequal: his motions are irregular: his soul changeth like the weather...himself knoweth not wherefore he loved, or wherefore he now hateth....

But whose exalted form is this, that hitherward directs its even, its uninterrupted course? whose foot is on the earth, whose head is above the clouds? On his brow sitteth majesty; steadiness is in his port: and in his heart reigneth tranquillity. Though obstacles appear in the way, he deigneth not to look upon them: though heaven and earth oppose his passage, he proceedeth. His name is *Resolution:* he cometh from the utmost part of the earth; he seeth happiness afar off before him; his eye discovereth her temple beyond the limits of the pole. He walketh up to it, he entereth boldly; and remaineth therein for ever. Establish thy heart, O Man, in that which is right, and then know the greatest of human praise is to be immutable.

WEAKNESS. So blended is weakness in thy nature, O Man, thou hast not strength either to be good or to be evil entirely: rejoice that thou canst not excel in evil: and let the good that is within thy reach content thee.

THE INSUFFICIENCY OF KNOWLEDGE. If there is anything lovely; if there is anything desirable; if there is anything within the reach of man that is worthy of praise, is it not knowledge? and yet who is it that attaineth unto it? If thou wouldst mount up into the throne of truth, first bow thyself at her footstool: if thou wouldst arrive at the knowledge of her, first inform thyself of thine own ignorance. The way to her is labour; attention is the pilot that must conduct thee into her port: but weary not in the way; for when thou art arrived at her, the toil shall be to thee for pleasure.

MISERY. The greatest of all human ills is sorrow: too much of this thou art born unto; add not unto it by thine own perverseness....

JUDGMENT. The greatest bounties given to man are judgment and will: happy is he who misapplieth them not. Condemn not the judgment of another, because it differeth from thine own; may not even both be in an error? When thou dost good, do it because it is good; not because man esteems it; when thou avoidest evil, flee it because it is evil; not because men speak against it: be honest for love of honesty, and thou shalt be uniformly so: he that doth it without principle is wavering. Be willing to commend, and be slow to censure; so shall praise be upon thy virtues, and the eye of Enmity shall be blind to thy imperfections.

PRESUMPTION. Presumption is the bane of reason; it is the nurse of error; who is there that judgeth not either too highly of himself, or thinketh too meanly of others? Set not thy judgment above that of all the earth.... Who is he that holds his opinion most obstinately? even he who hath most ignorance; for he also hath most pride.

What are the "Affections of Man hurtful to himself and to others"?

COVETOUSNESS. An immoderate desire of riches is poison lodged in the soul; it contaminates and destroys everything that was good in it....The covetous serveth his gold; it serveth not him; he possesseth his wealth as the sick doth a fever: it burneth and tortureth him, and will not quit him unto death....

PROFUSION. If there be a vice greater than the hoarding up of riches, it is the employing them to useless purpose. It is more difficult to be well with riches, than to be at ease under the want of them....

REVENGE. The root of revenge is the weakness of the soul; the most abject and timorous are the most addicted to it....The greatest victory man can obtain is over himself; he that disdaineth to feel an injury restorteth it upon him who offered it.

CRUELTY, HATRED, ENVY. Revenge is detestable; what then is cruelty? It possesseth the mischiefs of the other, but it wanteth even the pretence of its provocations.... That thou mayest not be cruel, set thyself too high for hatred: that thou mayest not be inhuman, place thyself above the reach of envy....He who rejoiceth in the happiness of another, increaseth it by his own.

HEAVINESS OF HEART. What is the source of sadness, but the feebleness of the soul?... It is not in thy nature to meet the sorrows of fortune unhurt; nor doth reason require it of thee; it is thy duty to bear misfortune like a man, but thou must also feel it like one.

The quaint title of the next division is: "Advantages Man may acquire over his Fellow Creatures."

NOBILITY AND HONOUR. Nobility resideth not but in the soul; nor is there true honour except in virtue....The higher the sun ariseth, the less shadow doth it make; even so the greater is the virtue, the less doth it covet praise; yet cannot it avoid its reward in honours....

SCIENCE AND LEARNING....To him whom the science of nature delighteth, every object bringeth a proof of his God; everything that proveth it, giveth cause of adoration.... While the planets perform their courses; while the sun remaineth in his place; while the comet wandereth through the liquid air, and returned to its destined road again.... What but Infinite Wisdom could have appointed them their laws? In what science is knowledge, but in the study of nature?

The concluding portion of the volume is taken up with "The Natural Accidents of Man."

PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY....Be upright in thy whole life; be content in all its changes; so shalt thou make thy profit of all occurrences; so shall everything that happeneth unto thee be the source of praise.

PAIN AND SICKNESS. The Sickness of the body affecteth even the soul: the one cannot be in health without the other. Pain is of all evils that which is most felt....It is injustice to expect exemption from that thou wert born unto: submit with modesty to the laws of thy condition.

DEATH. As the production of the metal proveth the work of the Alchemist, so is death...the assay which sheweth the standard of all our actions. Wouldst thou judge of a life, examine the period of it; the end crowneth the attempt; and where dissimulation is no more, the truth appeareth.... Think not the longest life the happiest; that which is best employed, doth man the most honour....

We are informed by this author of far-back days that the whole treatise forms the complete "Economy of Human Life," and assuredly we cannot cavil at its lack of comprehensiveness. Somehow or other, the riddle of life, as it presented itself to those old-time sages and philosophers, does not differ fundamentally from that of today, despite the passage of the centuries—as is abundantly proved by the above key extracts from the book.

JAMES KERR

Religious Faith and World Culture. Edited by A. WILLIAM LOOS. (Prentice-Hall, Inc., New York. 294 pp. 1951. $5.00); *Religion in Britain Since 1900.* By G. STEPHENS SPINKS, E. L. ALLEN and JAMES PARKES. (Andrew Dakers, Ltd., London. 256 pp. 1952. 18*s.*)

These two books are related. Both are the work of more than one writer and one is tempted to ask whether the composite book is on the whole a thing to be encouraged. The larger book, lavishly produced in the American manner, begins with an introduction by the Editor and four essays on "Religious Faith and Contemporary Man" contributed by an American liberal Christian, a psychologist, an English sociologist and a Jewish philosopher of world reputation, Martin Buber. There follow four more essays on "Freedom and Order," all by Americans, and seven on "A World-Embracing Culture," of which one may single out for special commendation a beautiful plea for world brotherhood by Alan Paton, who so sensitively exposed the sore places of racialism in his novel, *Cry, the Beloved Country,* and a fine study on "Prophetic Religion" by the American Rabbi Abba Silver. The conclusion consists of four essays by the Dean of St. Paul's, London, Amiya Chakravarty, Fr. D'Arcy, a distinguished Jesuit of Oxford, and a poem in Spanish (with a translation added) by Gabriela Mistral of Chile.

It will be seen that there is plenty of variety, both of nationality and of creed, and one opens the book with lively anticipation, but one reader must confess to a sense of disappointment. The writers are too assorted, the essays too brief to develop so important a theme with any adequacy. It is impossible to summarize this symposium because it is by no means clear what binds together these writers who vary from the crisp scholasticism of Father D'Arcy to the positivism of the scientist. Martha Lucas, one of the contributors, asks: "What is the great

idea ?" The answer is certainly not clear and it is doubtful whether these admirable men and women of good-will could really agree on an answer. A real sense of the value of democracy and a culture dangerously weakened forces men to re-think their religion against the background of a world physically united but still spiritually dispersed. There is always a temptation to make use of religion for relative purposes but this will not do. Culture needs religion in order to achieve depth but it cannot invent appropriate religions. "The spirit bloweth where it listeth." Despite much in it that is worth while, this book of essays does not succeed in doing what Christopher Dawson has so profoundly attempted in his *Religion and Culture.*

The other book is also composite but less ambitious and so more successful. It has more homogeneity and unity of purpose. There are only three writers —Dr. Spinks, Editor of *The Hibbert Journal,* Dr. James Parkes and Dr. E. L. Allen. The subject is Religion in one country, Britain, in one period, the first half of this century. It is a manageable subject and it is excellently handled by such competent authors. Dr. Allen deals with theological development and very clearly shows the transition from the immanentist idealism of the period up to 1914 to the more transcendental religion of today. Dr. Parkes discusses religion in the universities and the development of the ecumenical movement amongst Christians, drawing together various denominations, and the growing social consciousness of the Church, but he also points out the tendency since the 30's of a withdrawal from involvement in world affairs, a new pietism which he attributes to the extreme transcendentalism of the Barthian school of theology which both he and Dr. Allen criticize severely. Dr. Spinks deals more with the historical setting and the religious movements of the time. Religions other than Christianity are dealt with in a final chapter.

The book is one of a series entitled "Twentieth Century Histories." This study illumines the problems faced by the writers of the American symposium. Religion has had to adjust itself to the world of science and technology. Sometimes it has done so too successfully, thus losing its truly religious character, sometimes it has clung to the core of religious experience but has ignored the climate of thought in which it had to live. It is a story of Institutional Religion fighting rear-guard actions and of a population increasingly abstaining from any real adherence to it. While in Britain the masses have caught up the materialism and positivism of the late 19th century, the intellectuals show signs of passing out of this phase. "The acids of modernity" may prove to be less corrosive than was once supposed. Dr. Spinks has something to say about the Church and its relation to the arts, but this is a most inadequate chapter. The revival of the religious verse drama is a highly significant feature in the modern British landscape. Eliot, Fry, Norman Nicholson and Ronald Duncan are but a few who are giving a new life to religion in relation to drama and poetry. Ultimately it may well be the poets and the artists, the writers and the musicians who give a real soul to world culture where theorists fail. At any rate we can welcome every attempt to talk across the frontiers and to share the experience of the "things that make for our peace."

LEONARD M. SCHIFF

Paracelsus: Magic into Science. By HENRY M. PACHTER. (Henry Schuman, New York. 360 pp. Illustrated. 1951. $4.00)

In this stimulating and scholarly account of "Paracelsus," well documented with foot-notes and appendices, our author portrays the astoundingly versatile personality of Paracelsus, the Luther of Medicine, famous yet hated, persecuted by his yet unprogressive contemporaries, misunderstood by the unenlightened in the following centuries. Posterity has at last vindicated the worth, the fame and the character of Paracelsus. Dr. Pachter, using the historical and scientific approach, evaluates the impressive life of Paracelsus as a heartening example of civil courage; he had the wisdom to oppose and battle continuously against scientific and religious superstitions and the traditional authorities. Our author shows that, although Paracelsus died embittered, misunderstood and in poverty, yet he left to the world a rich legacy in his contributions. In the domain of medical science his outstanding contributions were in the treatment of surgical cases and of mental diseases and his attitude towards the practice of medicine as a sacred calling. Paracelsus was the father of iatro-chemistry, a progenitor of biochemistry and a pre-eminent biologist, but no mechanist.

From a study of this book one interesting fact emerges, which is the development of science from magic. Magic Dr. Pachter considers to consist of "*secret powers* of nature which do not satisfy our notions of cause and effect" and to resemble science in that "it assumes *omnipotence of knowledge.*" Our learned author clearly shows that Science and Magic were not two hostile or inimical forces but that magic "became the midwife of science."

The value of this book, we feel, would have been considerably enhanced if Dr. Pachter had not so summarily dismissed ideas of the "occult" and Paracelsus' belief or otherwise in "metempsychosis." One feels that if Dr. Pachter had investigated Paracelsus's "writings on occult traditions" with the same zeal, caution, earnestness and open-mindedness with which he has investigated other scientific contributions of Paracelsus, we should have had "a whole"—or at least a more complete—picture of Paracelsus as the Prince of Philosophy and an Adept Physician "greater than Celsus."

It would not, however, be wrong to conclude, whilst appreciating Dr. Pachter's illuminating treatise, that such great men as Paracelsus, whether their sphere of activity be scientific, philosophical, religious or intellectual, are men of "true Faith" to whom a spiritual task and a divine mandate have been entrusted which they discharge faithfully, nobly and perfectly to the benefit of mankind and for the amelioration of the suffering of humanity. All reverence and all honour to such men.

L. S. D.

A Life in Reuters. By SIR RODERICK JONES, K.B.E. (Hodder and Stoughton, Ltd., London. 496 pp. 1951. 25*s*.) Received through the courtesy of the British Council.

This is the story of a great institution by the man best qualified to write it. He had joined the organization in the Transvaal as a young assistant correspondent years before the second Boer War of 1899-1902, undergoing exciting adventures during its course. He spent the years from 1902-1905 at the London headquarters as South African Editor and returned to South Africa in the latter year, aged 27, as head of Reuters in that territory. From there he returned in 1915, on the death of the second Baron de Reuter, whom he succeeded as Chairman and Managing Director. He extricated it from the grave financial difficulties in which it was then involved, energized it, strengthened its net-

work through the world, practically quadrupling its scope and activities. To have a freer hand, he unostentatiously acquired a controlling interest in the organization, but his consistent aim for many years was to relinquish the control to the newspapers of the United Kingdom, who would administer it as a Public Trust, a consummation finally and fully effected in 1941. The newspapers of other Commonwealth countries have subsequently been brought into the scheme.

That this achievement coincided with Sir Roderick's resignation under circumstances which were harassing though they reflected no discredit upon him, was unfortunate. All had gone so smoothly for so many years; and the frontispiece shows Sir Roderick in 1951 as a man at the height of his rare intellectual powers, ten years of whose service had been needlessly lost to Reuters, to his understandably "formidable disappointment."

If Reuters in its later, larger phase is very much the House that Roderick Jones built, Reuters can reciprocally claim a hand in the making of the man. Especially it made it natural for Sir Roderick to meet and know all the right people, including many whom the world calls great; and some of these played not a small part in his early meteoric rise and in the working out of his dreams for Reuters.

If he had loyal friends, however, he was such to many of his subordinates, losing no opportunity to say a good word for or to do a good turn to any who had served him and/or Reuters faithfully. And his own devotion to the accuracy and truth for which his institution traditionally stands undoubtedly strengthened that tradition. His "Farewell Message" to the Reuter Staff struck the note of personal responsibility for faithfulness to it:—

> If I now vacate with deep personal regret the responsible office which for a quarter of a century has been my pride, I do so confident that, in these days of unsteady ethical concepts, you will never allow that tradition and these principles to lose their significance.

E. M. H.

The God That Failed: Six Studies in Communism. By ARTHUR KOESTLER *et al.* (363 pp.); *Aspirations from a Fresh World.* By SHAKUNTALA RAO SHASTRI. (ix + 198 pp.). (Book University Series, Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay. 1952. Re. 1/12 each)

The God That Failed is an "exposition" of the political philosophy of Communism by some outstanding intellectuals of the West, Arthur Koestler, Ignezio Silone, André Gide (presented by Enid Starkie), Richard Wright, Louis Fischer and Stephen Spender. Combined with this are their confessions as to why the "god" whom they had worshipped for years with devotion failed them when they, in the course of their quest for Truth, came up against the persistent claims of the eternal values and verities of life. The book was first published in 1950, the present being an Indian edition.

In *Aspirations from a Fresh World* the writer has attempted in 20 short but documented studies, to trace the gradual development of the ideas in the Vedas and the Upanishads. These confirm the author's prefatory statement: "The world envisaged by the ancient seers of India was eternally fresh."

X. Y. Z.

The Road to Happiness: A New Ideology. By C. WICKSTEED ARMSTRONG. (C. A. Watts and Co., Ltd., London. 245 pp. 1951. 17*s.* 6*d.*); *This is Life Eternal: The Case for Immortality.* By ESME WYNNE-TYSON. (224 pp. 1951. 16*s.*); *The Mystery of Death.* By JOSIAH OLDFIELD. (172 pp. 1951. 15*s.*); (Rider and Co., London.)

The spectacle of the age into which he is born saddens the thoughtful man. Usually he does not find marked discomfort for himself in the conditions of his own life; but he is saddened that so many of his fellow men should be subjected to those conditions and most of all by their apparent acquiescence in or at least resignation to them. So we get our political and social reformers. Among these, Mr. C. Wicksteed Armstrong, author of a number of reflective books, shows by his latest work that he must be included. Mr. Armstrong has positive ideas for a "new ideology." These ideas, stemming in the main from a proposed new Freedom Party, cover a field so wide that one cannot in the space here available attempt to enumerate, much less to discuss them.

Whether Mr. Armstrong's thought in the field is at all times sufficiently deep is arguable; this at least must be agreed to by all: this thinker has been at great pains to fix a datum line before formulating his political and social theories. He has found his *ultima thule,* and declares it as the faith that

> ...one cannot logically hold a belief in the evolution of human happiness without accepting as a first premise the existence of a wholly beneficent Deity.

And this belief in a beneficent Deity involves for the author a belief that man survives bodily death. For this assurance he has "not taken spiritualistic séances or religious dogma as a basis for such belief, but only careful observation of Nature herself, and reasoning from such observation..."

The author's arguments and reflections are cogent: if he would go on from that point and study, more fully than one feels he has done so far, the affirmations of the seers and mystics, he should be able, in any subsequent edition, appreciably to strengthen and enrich those sections of his book.

Survival is wholly the theme of Mrs. Esmé Wynne-Tyson's new book. But for this author also, as for Mr. Armstrong, the question: If a man die, shall he live again? is far less a personal than a public concern; than this question, she avers there can be nothing of more vital moment to mankind,

> because of the difference that must exist in the attitude and behaviour of a man who believes his span of life is limited to threescore years and ten of personal experience, and that of one who believes in a future, or eternal life, wherein he must somehow square accounts with his own conscience, a duty that cannot be avoided by the easy means of extinction.

The current materialistic doctrines "which threaten to dehumanize and finally to destroy mankind" are not embraced from choice and liking, but fundamentally out of forlornness and resentment, through the feeling that one has been thrust into "an accidental and purposeless" universe. Mrs. Wynne-Tyson's plan to help restore faith and cheer is by repeating the great truth that "Eternity is Now." Her book is therefore a symposium of the testimony of a cloud of witnesses; but it is more than a mere array of quotations and excerpts: the author has an acute mind and her comments upon her material constitute in themselves a significantly original and telling work.

For those people who, concerned with the question of death and what comes after, are still dominated by the old conventional theological picture of a heaven of eternal harp-playing and a fire-and-brimstone hell, Dr. Josiah Oldfield's *The Mystery of Death* will be just the book. The author believes firmly in a future life. He does not know what the "next life" will be like, but is confident it will be a "far more wonderful state" than we can now imagine. The Doctor's statements about death and the future state are in general

based upon merely his own observation of life and nature and upon his own hopes and aspirations; he is either unaware of, or indifferent to, the Theosophical position and even the findings of psychical research, and so his book loses appeal for the serious student. Some knowledge of Theosophy, in particular, would have thrown light for him on many questions that he finds insoluble. Take this as an example: "... an imbecile or an idiot has a mass of brain tissue which cannot be reasonably differentiated from the mass of tissue associated with an individual" who may be a genius or a saint. "Why? ... In what does the essential difference consist? And so far no explanatory answer is to be found."

It is, of course, only in materialistic philosophy that there is no answer.

CHARLES J. SEYMOUR

The Covenant: A Novel of the Life of Abraham the Prophet. By ZOFIA KOSSAK. Translated by H. C. STEVENS. (Allan Wingate (Publishers) Ltd., London. 375 pp. 1951. 15*s*.)

This is, indeed, a remarkable and an impressive novel, and we sincerely hope that it will achieve the enduring success that it deserves. While it adheres more or less closely to the Biblical narrative it does far more than this, for the various characters come to life as human beings with whose weaknesses we can sympathize and in whose strength we can rejoice. Perhaps I am wrong, but I imagine that by most people Abraham is primarily remembered as one of the Patriarchs, for which reason his early life is overlooked, so that they rarely recollect that even the Bible story introduces him to us when he was, comparatively speaking, a young man. In this book we can see him seeking and longing for the knowledge of the Supreme and recognize his intense desire for truth. We can follow him in his difficulties in proving faithful to the revelation that is granted him, and in converting his family and his tribe to a belief in Him who was thereafter to be called Adonai and Tetragrammaton and the God of Abraham. A moving story of a truly great man.

E. J. LANGFORD GARSTIN

Glimpses of the Orient. By V. G. NAIR. (Author, Santiniketan, West Bengal. 258 pp. 1952. Rs. 5/-)

This is a sheaf of reprints, selected from the author's numerous contributions to the Indian press, extending over several years. The essays are of a miscellaneous character and deal with some of the great men, places of pilgrimage, literatures and philosophies, etc., of the Orient. Better editing would have made the book more compact and satisfying. The price is rather high.

M.

Your Birthright. By SWAMI RAJESWARANANDAJI. 2nd enlarged edition. (Upanishad Vihar, Kailasagiri, Panagal Post, Chittoor Dist. 136 pp. 1952. Re. 1/-)

This is a collection of notes from the author's diary. Each paragraph is in the nature of a meditation on one or another of the innumerable aspects of the Absolute; hence, it points the way to the Self, the realization of which is one's birthright. A spiritual tonic!

G.

THE INDIAN INSTITUTE OF CULTURE

[Too little is known of the cultures of the smaller nations like the Philippines, and the lecture which we publish here shows how much of interest their cultural patterns sometimes hold. This is a lecture delivered by **Mr N. V. M. Gonzalez**, a writer from the Philippines, at the Indian Institute of Culture, Basavangudi, Bangalore, on May 19th, 1952, under the chairmanship of Lt.-Col. S. V. Chari, the Editor of the Bangalore *Daily Post*.—ED.]

IMAGINATIVE WRITING IN THE PHILIPPINES

Imaginative writing in the Philippines can today be said to have reached a " point of no return." Perhaps this statement can best be explained with the help of a brief exposition of certain facts of geography, history and culture. Our land area, 115,000-odd square miles, represents the habitable surface of thousands of islands, with a population of over 19,000,000, of whom 95% are Christians. During the last 400 years the Philippines drew heavily upon Spain and afterwards upon America for many of their social institutions.

We had under the Spanish régime a successful revolution, rendered less successful by what turned out to be the Philippine-American war of 1900-1904, after which our people had to take willy-nilly to an American public-school system in which English became the medium of instruction. In these last five decades, our people have seen two world wars, the first one quite far removed from us, the second not remote at all. It was, in fact, fought in Bataan and underground.

Our national political experience has included extensive agitation for independence, culminating in the grant of independence in 1946; and excessive dependence on American economic aid programmes, as a result of which our industries are ill-developed and we have a highly developed market for factory goods while our economy has remained largely agricultural. There is a continuous imbalance of forces, the feudal as against the industrial, the primitive as against the modern, the progressive as against the conservative; and for the purposes of art—if art is the form which man produces as his commentary upon the illusions of this world—nothing can seem more interesting; perhaps nothing can be more dramatic.

You probably will ask, what has the Filipino imagination done with all this material? Certainly it has put it into some kind of shape. Our struggles against Spain found expression, on the literary level, in the poems of Francisco Balagtas, who wrote in Tagalog, and in the novels of José Rizal, who wrote in Spanish. Balagtas is regarded as the father of Tagalog poetry. Rizal is even today our foremost novelist.

In moments of national crisis we have not been found wanting in writers eager to explore the problems so that men of action might pursue the required solutions. This was particularly true during the period of propaganda against Spain—and it is a tradition we are trying to keep. Spanish then was the main medium of expression, and it was in that language that José Rizal, then in Europe, where he had gone to study medicine, wrote his two epoch-making novels, *Noli Me Tangere* and *El Filibusterismo*. Dr. Rizal's work has even to this day never been equalled, either in scope or in inspiration, and it has a tremendous influence among our intelligentsia. Both novels deal with life in the Philippines under the Spanish régime when the clergy was at the height of its power, and it is difficult for the modern mind to understand the considerable influence which the books still exert in spite of the fact that the conditions which they portray no longer exist. Perhaps one reason for the influence which Rizal and his novels have upon us is the fact that we as Filipinos find it difficult to separate

the man from his work, and the work from the man.

Rizal is an integrated person, and as such he has become our ideal of manhood. Our writers, the best of them today, writing both in English and in Tagalog, the national language, feel that it is on him that a dedicated life may be patterned. Incidentally, Rizal was one of our first students of Oriental culture and, along with T. Pardo de Tavera, one of those who did what they could in seeking the lines of cultural affinity between India and the Philippines. Serious India-Philippines scholarship began with Rizal's generation, but has shown a lag since.

You'll find in the Philippines today an active generation of writers, all of whom are imbued with the same sense of nationhood that the writers of Rizal's generation felt. If, however, in the case of Rizal's generation, the writers of the time made their mission felt in spite of their use of a foreign language —Spanish—today this new generation, using English and Tagalog as their means of expression, are finding the expression of their Philippinism—if that's the best word for it—a little difficult. One reason that is apparent is that Philippine life is so varied and, for the writer eager to achieve integrity of personality, so full of temptations. The materialistic spirit is everywhere about us, and when the young Filipino writes today he is at the same time aware of his rent and his food. When he succeeds in creating a work of art even with such practical matters at the back of his mind, it is little short of a miracle, achieved only once or twice in his writing life.

This should not give the idea, however, that there is little creative activity in the Philippines today. As is perhaps also true in this country, the short story is one of the favourite literary forms. The modern Philippine short story began with the generation of writers who, when the Americans came to the country, were hardly born. The first Philippine short story of any importance is said to have been written about 1925 and the writer, Paz Marquez Benitez, has been well remembered by anthologists. The Philippine short story forms a major part of the literary diet of every boy and girl who goes through college. English has been since the 20's the principal medium of expression of the best writers, and it is the short story in English that is considered important.

What about the short story in Tagalog, the national language? There have indeed been very able writers in Tagalog, but they have not been able to keep pace with their colleagues writing in English. The Tagalog short story has tended to be sentimental in both treatment and subject, a defect from which the short story in English suffered in the beginning. Because criticism has not been developed in Tagalog, the writers in this language have not had the incentive to excel themselves. Writers in English have had to improve at every turn of their work, but they have had the advantage of access to English and American literature. Extremely imitative writing was the only kind of output possible for a time; this was true especially during the 20's. Now, in the 50's, it can perhaps be said that the Philippine short story is on its way to becoming more and more original.

An interesting development in the novel occurred when, shortly after the coming of the Americans, writers in Tagalog explored this form. The Tagalog reading public, while not a select one, was vast, especially in those days. The Tagalog novel was then occupied with the national movement for autonomy, and even then there were writers like Lope K. Santos, who, in his novel, *Bauaag at Sikat* (Dawn and Sunrise), attempted to give a critical view of Philippine society. Perhaps it should be said that the Philippine novel, whether in Tagalog, Spanish or English, has always had a social preoccupation. This was true, as has been hinted, of José Rizal's great works. It was true especially of the

writers during the period from 1904 to 1916.

In 1916 the Philippine agitation for autonomy made headway in the enactment by the United States Congress of the Jones Law, which stipulated the conditions under which Philippine independence would be granted. It would have been interesting if the Tagalog novel had pushed its interests further from that point on, but it did not. At the highest point of its development, it provided food for thought and made the people conscious of the values inherent in our life. We were, for example, extremely family-conscious; womenfolk were held in high esteem; and modernism, even in dress, was scorned. It might be said that the Tagalog novel held forth in favour of a Philippine culture of a kind—the product of the exposure of the Malay temperament to Spanish culture and to the Catholic religion. For some years, the novel was sold in the patio of churches, side by side with candles and other religious objects, and it was read avidly.

After the Filipinos gained autonomy and became more politically advanced, the Philippine novel changed its tone. While popular Tagalog literature continued to flourish, the more serious writers took to English as a medium. This was only natural because English had been taught, by this time, practically all over the country. The writer did not usually have a full command of the medium, but he tried nevertheless. Where he became sentimental, he usually succeeded in selling well, and to the grief of Philippine critics there are several titles which are usually mentioned in essays on the subject, which are not novels in the strictest sense of the word. Nevertheless, they indicated the direction toward which the Philippine imaginative mind would go.

In 1940, the Philippine Government organized a nation-wide contest in which handsome prizes were offered for literary works in English, Spanish and Tagalog. A sizable committee of judges selected the most artistic works, and something like 20,000 U. S. dollars—perhaps 45,000 Rupees—were given away. It would have been wonderful had the reading public supported the contests by demanding that the prize-winning works be published, but it did not. To this day, only the works in English—meaning the works which had, theoretically, the smallest audience—have been published. The contests proved—besides the fact that the publishers were no longer interested in Tagalog or Spanish writing—that the English literature produced in the country could attract attention beyond our national boundaries. The Philippine Book Guild, a non-profit publishing organization set up by the English-writing group, found a ready market for its books. Among the works published were: *How My Brother Leon Brought Home a Wife*, a collection of short stories; A. B. Rotor's collection of stories, *The Wound and the Scar*; Zulueta da Costa's volume of poems, *Like the Molaye*; and Juan C. Laya's novel, *His Native Soil*. The evaluation of modern Philippine literature must of necessity begin with these books. Needless to say, there has been no publishing of similar importance in either the Spanish or the Tagalog field.

There are a few writers who have appeared since the war, notably Stevan Javellana, who wrote the novel, *Without Seeing the Dawn*, and the author of *The Poems and Prose of Nick Joaquin*. I ought perhaps to mention the recent work in poetry, in which the chief achievement has been that of José Garcia Villa who, since the 30's, has held a high place in Philippine letters, both as a critic and as a poet. It is his criticism of the short story which has led to more serious work in that form and to him many writers owe a debt of gratitude. In poetry, he has acquired a name for himself both at home and in the United States, where he has published two books of poems, *Have Come, Am Here* and *Volume Two*, both of which have won high praise in

New York as well as in London. Many critics in Manila swear by him, but as many critics decry his work as completely idiosyncratic. He is regarded as the inventor of the "comma poem," the principal feature of which is the use of a comma after each word. Described by Edward J. O'Brien in 1934 as "one of the half-dozen short-story writers in the United States who count," Villa is today, in many quarters in New York and London, regarded as a genius. Whatever may be the right critical attitude to take in regard to Villa's work, he represents the one career that has found complete devotion to art, and for this reason at least his position has inspired his countrymen. While many have not read him, his name is on its way to becoming a household word.

This, briefly, is the background of the writing that is going on in the Philippines today. There are as already indicated, only two camps of writers worthy of serious consideration today, those writing in English, and those writing in Tagalog. The Tagalog writers, with understandable pride, feel that they belong to the people, that they write for the people. The English writers, on the other hand, also with understandable pride, regard themselves as writers *of* the people.

How these claims are possible can be made clear. It takes little training to be a Tagalog writer, for the Tagalog is by nature literary. By temperament he is fond of metaphors and given to expressing the simplest views in verse. Every community of, say, 10,000, has its poet, its *makata* or versifier. And indeed the *makata* belongs to the people. He officiates at beauty contests—he is more often than not made to sing the praises of the town's fiesta queen. Once he has gained popularity, he can go beyond the limits of his community to officiate at celebrations in the next town. He may be asked, in fact, to participate in what is known as the *balagtasan*, a poetical contest not unlike an oratorical tilt between two schools or colleges. He may be by profession a barber, a clerk or a doctor of medicine; he may even be a professional writer, in which case, one is likely to read his work in *Liwayway*, a Tagalog weekly with a circulation of 120,000. In the villages, there is no such thing as a back number of *Liwayway*, for the old issue is as avidly read as the new. It is no wonder, therefore, that the Tagalog writer feels his pre-eminence.

His English-writing colleague, however, operates more or less from an ivory tower. Caring very little, if at all, for his reader, he spends his time in whittling out short stories and lyrics, many of which may be obscure but, for him, are quite respectable. More likely than not, he is a student, an "English major," to be more exact. At the back of his mind is the question of what to do after college, but then the answer has been determined for him by his parents. He must, if he is to maintain family prestige, study to be either a lawyer or a doctor. Perhaps he ends up as a clerk, but before that awful day comes, he spends his energies in producing what he thinks is literature.

Many of these young writers have been gifted and, despite handicaps, have produced work that has survived for two decades and is likely to live much longer still. They have written about the countryside, about hungry peasants and usurious landlords, about unscrupulous public officials, about adulterous men, about parents who have been inconsiderate towards their children and about children who have been disloyal to their parents—in short, they have looked about them and have written about the life that they have seen. But they have set their thoughts down on paper in a borrowed tongue; so that, while they have written *of* the people, they have not quite written *for* them.

In a sense, this situation has led them toward the straight and narrow path of art; whereas their Tagalog colleagues have had to think often of the public reaction, the writers in English, often younger and more idealistic people, have had only their art to

bother about. In this way, they have developed the art of the short story, for example, much more than might be expected of writers in that form. In a few more years any one of these young men writing in English today may perhaps become one of the more widely read novelists of our time. That, at any rate, is the hope that each of them nourishes.

The problem which our imaginative writers face, as can be readily seen, is quite a familiar one. Everywhere, writers have had to find their own answers to what is real in their own specific terms. If, at the moment, the writers in English feel a special pre-eminence, it is because they are certain that because of the help which the tradition of British and American literature has given them, they are more accomplished in the use of their instrument. Within the camp of the writers in English, there have been various writers who have thrown caution to the winds and traded artistic integrity for popularity, just as some writers in Tagalog have sacrificed popularity for quality. There is a movement to get the English-writing story-teller to start writing in the national language and the experiments in this direction have been encouraging. During the Japanese Occupation, when writing in English was not generally allowed, many of the young writers turned to Tagalog, and instantly asserted their leadership. Today something of this kind is going on. It must be said, on the other hand, that no writer in Tagalog has switched over to English, a proof perhaps that training in the borrowed language can at least be useful.

We are at the moment preoccupied with acquiring a generation of writers who will keep on writing, regardless of the language in which they may choose to write. It is in this sense that, as I've said earlier, our writing has reached a point where no turning back is possible. It would be interesting, for example, to return to the old dramatic forms such as the lyrical drama or the *zarzuela*, or even to the more current *balagtasan* or poetical tournament; but what is gained in arousing sentimentality will be so much lost in terms of artistic progress. We in the Philippines had the misfortune of being too impressionable, and often after a dead-end in an artistic movement has been reached abroad we still keep shuffling along in it at home.

We have had our fill, for example, of the raw and unrelieved realism of Erskine Caldwell and Steinbeck, of the hard-boiled Hemingway prose so-called. In the best of our writing, an integration is being attempted in which the best possible means are utilized for the attainment of maximum ends. We have found it possible to study Henry James and not be affected by the Jamesian revival now still going on in the United States. The sudden popularity of Henry Green and the eminence of Faulkner we in the Philippines are taking in perhaps with some reserve. If there is any one literary theory that is proving itself to be useful, it is the theory that the writing of literature is an act of discovery, that it is something in the nature of an exploration of a given subject in terms of representations of human experience. This thought has proved to us most helpful in clarifying the moral problems of our society.

I must confess to you that the body of first-rate work is at the moment small, but it is in this direction that the Filipino's imagination is exerting itself. It will in due course solve the problem of the split personality that I have suggested, so pressing on account of the predominant language preferences. Time, of course, is another factor. In a manner of speaking, history has determined the direction which our literature has taken. Perhaps it must be conceded that art ceases to be art if impelled by historical self-consciousness, that its fulness of growth is attained only through some independent artistic experience.

N. V. M. GONZALEZ

ENDS AND SAYINGS

"_____ *ends of verse*
And sayings of philosophers."
HUDIBRAS

"Brotherhood of religions is part of my creed. I will not change it for any." So says Shri P. Chenchiah, Editor of *The Pilgrim*, the quarterly magazine of the Christian Society for the study of Hinduism. And as he would not change his creed, which is at once commendable and cosmopolitan, he has had to resign. For, in his earnest approach to and understanding of Hinduism Christian missions and missionaries apparently saw "a deviation from the rigid line of tradition"—one laid down by the Church, surely, and *not* the spirit of Christ! These zealous Christians "delight in the cesspools of Hinduism and should like to report about the drainage system of the Hindu faith." What a pity! No sincere votary of any faith, if he is to be true to himself and to the spirit of the Founder of his religion, can sit away his life in a pew in his particular church. A time must surely come in his life when he cannot help becoming a pilgrim in quest of Universal Truth. When will the over-zealous missionaries, not only of the Christian but also of other faiths, realize and accept wholeheartedly that the Brotherhood of Life and of Religions is a FACT, proved repeatedly by the mystics and honest seekers of all ages?

It was an encouraging picture of the overcoming of prejudice and of triumphantly rising above almost insuperable obstacles that Dr. Jay Saunders Redding, Professor of Literature at the Hampton Institute in the U.S.A., drew in his address at the Indian Institute of Culture, Bangalore, on August 2nd. His subject, "Working Philosophies of American Negro Writers," did not afford an opportunity for surveying the distinguished Negro contribution to culture along other lines. Literature, however, afforded a good approach to the appreciation of the American Negroes' difficulty-strewn path from slavery to freedom and from freedom to progressively less grudging acceptance.

The Negro's previous handicap of being expected to write only in the Negro dialect has been overcome since James Weldon Johnson's publication in 1927 of *God's Trombones*, a collection of poems expressive of the South but without the dialect. There is today an impressive number of well-known Negro writers.

It speaks well for the Negro writers that the bitterness understandably engendered by remembered injustice has been overcome to such an extent that they now think of themselves as Americans first and as Negroes only secondly. But while changing the racial for the national consciousness is, in the circumstances, highly commendable, a further step remains. World unity and peace will be in sight when all remember first that they are *Men*, with all distinctions, of race and nation, creed and sex and station in life, subordinated in their estimation to the great fact of our common humanity. Having won the battle against racial bias, the Negro writers are well fitted to overcome their national bias as U.S.A. citizens and constructively help to create the International State.

Such good-will groups as that of the students of the University of California at Los Angeles who have been touring India for eight weeks to learn about her at first hand and to answer questions about America are cultural ambassadors *par excellence*. The audience of over 250 who came to the

Indian Institute of Culture on August 4th to hear the six young people of the group, who had come to Bangalore, tell about their country and to ask them questions received a very different picture of the United States from any they ever had from films or stories.

The four young men and the two girls described with engaging naturalness and frankness their widely different backgrounds, racial, religious and social, their spare-time efforts in social work and the enthusiasm with which they had earned the money to pay their own expenses while in India, their travel expenses to and from India having been paid by the University Religious Conference. The ways in which they had earned their money for the trip, outside of class hours, including dish-washing, truck-driving, etc., should accelerate the salutary change which has been coming about in the Indian attitude towards manual labour.

The young Americans displayed a high idealism and a good knowledge of America as well as of world problems. Their earnest assurance that with true understanding it is possible to solve all problems; their belief in the power of friendship between people of different countries to contribute something to world unity and peace; and their obvious good-will made a most favourable impression.

Three Indian students shared the platform and participated in the discussion, and the older people in the audience were encouraged to hope that perhaps youth will find a better, friendlier way to solve the almost baffling problems that are its inheritance.

Mr. R. L. Brett discusses an old question once again in *Philosophy* for July 1952: Must poetry have meaning, and what is here the meaning of "meaning"?

His answer, we think, is the one that has always been given. Poetry is not merely "a concord of sweet sounds" that evokes a vague emotional state. If it "suggests infinitely more than mere words can tell" it is not because its words tell us nothing. Poetry has meaning.

But, Mr. Brett points out, the essential meaning of poetry is not confined to the intellectual content of its phrases. A poem differs from a logical proposition in that it is not only a comment on experience, but a part of the reader's experience itself. It becomes such by the creation of a "concrete particular," that is, a whole, a pattern, complete in itself, but standing in relation to the rest of experience in a way to provoke thoughts and ideas.

It is this provoking of thoughts and ideas, of a meditation on Life, so to say, that invests the concrete particular with a universal significance.

The creative writer achieves such a suggestion of significance because with his insight he reduces the apparent chaos of everyday experience to an order.

Mr. Brett makes an important distinction between intellectual comprehension and the understanding that a piece of imaginative literature inspires: the first makes a difference to our knowledge about something external, the second makes *us* different, "enlarges our sensibilities."

The power of literature is that it makes men different; its value to civilization is that it can give men enlarged sensibilities.

The veteran writer and scholar Kaka Kalelkar, did well to question the thesis that the different linguistic regions of India have each a separate culture of their own—the fallacious theory which has been made the basis, for some time past, of arguments for carving out new states on the strength of a common language, as if we have not had enough already of what Gandhiji called the vivisection of the country! Shri Kalelkar called the notion "a myth." For, as he added, "India has one composite culture," a truth

borne out by her agelong history and traditions in literature. It is wrong, as *The Bombay Chronicle* for July 18th says (if not shameful), "to talk of the separate linguistic cultures of India" at a time "when the entire energies of the nation should be bent towards the strengthening of India as one strong culturally cohesive nation."

In unity there is not only strength but also sanity as well as speedy unfoldment of the Self—both individual and collective.

One of the good features of the work of the United Nations Organization is the gathering together from time to time of representatives of unofficial organizations and agencies doing public work in different countries. One such conference was held in July 1951 at Bali, where delegates from many countries gathered. A similar conference is to be held at Manila in the Philippines at the end of October.

Much good work, certainly, is being done by official organizations, especially in democratic welfare states, but there is always a danger of government paternalism weakening the initiative of private citizens and private organizations which have their own valuable contributions to make in social service and in cultural fields. It should be the aim of a truly democratic state to allow the unofficial agencies more and more to participate in the work of public education and cultural uplift. The important place accorded to non-governmental organizations in the UNO's publicity effort should strengthen their hands for other service by heightening their prestige at home.

The Prime Minister of Madras, Shri C. Rajagopalachari, inaugurating the year's session of the Madras Christian College Union on August 7th, declared that it was not those who had really studied science who looked upon the material world as the reality. He pleaded for reverence and awe before the Unknowable, the mystery of which man himself was a part, and which only "light" and not true or deep science claimed to have dispelled. Such an attitude of recognition of the soul in man and of the One of which each was a part was not, he implied, to be brushed aside as old-fashioned and irrelevant.

> The whole world is still as mysterious and as un-understood as it was a thousand years ago—mysterious on the surface, mysterious at the core if you dive deep, and mysterious all through. Therefore let us have awe and reverence in our culture. Any culture that throws away the reverence we should have for the unknown is vulgarity and not culture.

Shri Rajagopalachari seemed to be reaching after the old Ashrama ideal when he advocated bringing into each college and each hostel one or two good men who had absorbed religion in its true sense, and completed the duties of life, whose influence the boys might absorb. In the old days, however, the Guru was the preceptor, imparting not only his influence but also his instruction to his charges. Resident elders without portfolio, so to say, however saintly and benevolent, might not command the respectful emulation of modern youth. Failing them, the boys might, it was suggested by the speaker, make their Principal and Professors their ideal. If these only made of themselves ideals worthy of copying, the problem would be solved !